Memories of Cimarron, New Mexico

1871-1882

George E. Crocker

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Many stories have been told and written of New Mexico in its early and history shaping days. Many have been told with the creative imagination of the story teller. Others have gathered colorful details from frequent tellings. Many have been dime novel impressions of the early western life.

Of late there has been much written of the characters who roamed New Mexico in its historic days and who eventually were to pass through Cimarron.

Cimarron's early days were a match of any frontier town of its day. What is to follow is not a story, but, if my memory serves me right, an actual account of people and events that made Cimarron.

My family moved to Cimarron when I was five, and I lived there until 1882. My father ran the slaughter house. At that time there were probably thirty Anglo families living there with a separate Mexican settlement at the edge of town. There were also several Indian tribes in close range.

From all outward signs, Cimarron looked like a peaceful and serene valley. Yet, it was so wild that the weekly papers often commented on the killings and activities. The editor of the Las Vegas Gazette once commented, "Cimarron is becoming a decidedly interesting neighborhood, and Life Insurance Companies are instructing agents not to take any more risks in that section."

Two weeks later, the front page of the Gazette carried this wisecrack: "Cimarron is quiet! No one killed for at least three days."

Besides the Las Vegas Gazette, there were two newspapers which came out weekly. One was the Globe Democrat and the other a St. Louis paper.

There was one telegraph wire which went from Santa Fe to Ft. Union and I imagine they had a wire to each fort. A soldier rode along the wire each day to check it. I remember one time a soldier climbed a pole to check the wire. He was electrocuted, and fell dead at the foot of the pole. They found a burn on the back of his glove. Although this was a Government wire, the general public had the use of it also. Western Union came in with the first railroad engine which came over the rails on November 30, 1870.

Since New Mexico was still a Territory, we voted only for a Representative, as the Governors and Chief Justices were appointed by the President. People weren't anxious for the Territory to become a state. For one thing they seemed to think New Mexico would have a Mexican Governor, and of course, that did

happen shortly after New Mexico became a state. For some reason the new settlers had taken a dislike to the Mexican people and the sentiment was strong.

I chuckle when I see the beautifully tailored cowboy of to-day on my television screen. Cowboys in the early 70's weren't as colorful and dressy as these present day boys. On the range they wore overalls or other work clothes. When they went to town they dressed up, usually wore pants instead of overalls, plain shirts, and bright colored silk scarves around their necks.

The plain shirts which the cowboys wore were buttoned, not snapped. In those days, a twelve dollar Stetson was a good hat. At one time everyone wore a wide leather band around his hat. Then the Mexicans began wearing them and the cowboys got away from it.

Leather cuffs, about six inches wide, were worn as a protection against a kicking calf. They were good and the cowboys enjoyed wearing them.

They wore Eyers boots, most of them had pointed toes and many wore high heels. The cowboys of those days seldom wore their trousers tucked in their boots as many would suppose.

Spurs were a part of their outfits. Sometimes they wouldn't take their spurs off for months at a time. They just pulled off their boots with the spurs still on. They often fastened a piece of chain to their spurs and as they rode along, it would hit the stirrup and jangle to keep them company. A cowboy always carried a rope and all of them wore a gun and usually had a belt full of cartridges.

Cowboys wore chaps for several reasons. If a horse bucked, the chaps

would stick to the saddle. They were warm in the winter and somehow you didn't seem to get as tired when you wore them.

A cowboy had to have a saddle of his own to get a job with an outfit, but the ranchers furnished the horses.

In the summer, the cowboys usually bathed in the creek. They changed their clothes once a week and often did their own laundry. However, Mexican women would do laundry for a bar of soap and ten cents an item, whether it was a shirt, a pair of drawers, or a handkerchief.

A cowboy carried a slicker with him always and was well protected in storms.

The women of the 70's wore corsets and their dresses came plumb to their shoe tops. It was considered immodest to let anyone see the leg above the high top shoes. What a shock they'd have to-day! The women would either make their own dresses or hire a woman to come in and sew for them. Calico was the most popular material for their dresses.

All the women had pierced ears. The ears were usually pierced when the girls were small.

I only remember one woman, a German lady, who did her own spinning. Lots of women crocheted and knitted. Most of them knitted their own stockings.

Very few women rode horseback. Those who did ride, rode side-saddle. I remember the woman who started the habit of women riding straddle in Cimarron. She was a school teacher who came from Indiana. She stayed at our house and used to tell us how people would point at her and laugh when

she rode straddle. This was about 1900 and it wasn't long until other women started it. Then, divided skirts became popular. Some women were quite disturbed over this immodest habit and continued to ride side-saddle or in light spring wagons. Most women could see that this modern method was much safer.

I only knew two cowgirls in my life. One was Jenny Kinsey, who was with the Miller Brothers of the 101 Outfit. She was probably twenty-five at the time and was good. The other was Mary Lou Thompson who was then a girl of about fourteen. She was right on the job, and was very good. She usually wore levis. If she saw a cow straying, she never waited for someone else to herd it, she went after it herself. She now lives in Albuquerque.

There weren't many social activities in those days. They mostly went to dances, which were square dances, waltzes, or shoddishes. Occasionally a vaudeville show would pass through. One of these shows had the first phonograph I ever saw. It had a big horn into which a person talked. The man operating it would keep turning a crank, and finally the persons voice would come back repeating what he had said into the horn.

Negro servants entertained at the Maxwell House and also furnished the guitar and fiddle music for the dances. One time an Englishman asked one of the negro entertainers to dance with him. She refused and tried to get away, but he pulled her out on the dance floor. Immediately all the white people walked off the dance floor and started leaving the dance.

Mexicans never went to the Anglo's dances. However, a few Anglo men did go to the Mexican's dances.

Many Anglo men and Mexican women lived together and raised families

without bothering to marry, About 1878 a law was passed making it necessary to marry before living together. The law was strictly enforced. So, many of these couples with grown children, finally were married. One Mexican couple kept putting it off and putting it off and finally had to go to jail.

The houses were made of adobe. The roofs were flat with dirt on top which was alright until it rained but most of them leaked. Some Anglo's had houses with shingle roofs. Adobe houses were cool in summer and warm in winter.

The Anglos had cook stoves in their houses. Most of the Mexican women cooked in the fireplace in their houses but baked their bread in an oven out in the yard. They would build a fire in this oven, which was called an horno. When the oven was very hot, they would scrape all the coals out, and put the bread in the oven. They would use a flat stone in front of the horno opening.

Some of the women did their own laundry while others hired Mexican women to come to their homes to do it.

When people went out for an evening, they usually took their children with them, unless they had an older child in the family who could stay with them. Left to their own devices, children naturally got into mischief. I remember once when my brother Frank and I were small, we were left at the butcher shop while my parents went out. My father had left a piece of meat on the block. We cut some of it into little pieces and then didn't know what to do with it, so that father wouldn't find it. We decided to throw it up on the ceiling. This seemed like a good idea and we worked awfully hard getting it to stick to the ceiling. Finally, it all stuck up there and we thought our secret was safe. The next morning when my father came in the butcher shop, pieces of meat kept falling and hitting him. It's a wonder he didn't paddle

us for it but he just laughed about it.

There were probably thirty children in the school which I attended and there were only three Mexican children in the school, one boy and his two sisters. The boy kept up with the rest of the class but the little girls never got beyond the "c-a-t" "d-o-g" stage.

Our school was held in an old church building. We must have heard the adults say that someday the building would fall in. One day when the wind was blowing, a big gust of wind hit the building and every child in the room (with the exception of the two little Mexican girls) jumped up and ran to the door. Since the door opened into the room no one could get out. Then some of us who were bigger got the door open and we all tumbled out the door and down the steps. The teacher came out and talked us into returning, but each time we started in, another gust of wind would come and frighten us, and away we would go again. All this time the little Mexican girls sat there just looking and wondering what all the commotion was about.

Because my father ran the butcher shop, we always had plenty of meat. There was a gardener in Cimarron who raised vegetables, and we all bought our turnips, cabbages, celery and cucumbers from him. Potatoes were raised in the mountains.

Fruit was very expensive. Apples sold for $12 a barrel. I'm always amazed to see children to'day, take a bite from an apple and throw the rest away. In those days we ate every bit, even the core.

It was a common sight to see a four-horse team come into Cimarron with peaches, apples, and grapes raised on the M. W. Mills Fruit Farm near Taos.

There were many cattlemen around Cimarron at the time, and many young men

who had grown up during the Civil War and were plenty tough. They enjoyed riding into town and riding up and down the street, shooting at anything in sight. I've seen a fellow named Wallace do it many times. Many of these young fellows had moved in from Texas.

Many of the Sheriff's who were elected were not capable of handling these men. There were three Sheriff's of Colfax County, who, while they were in office, made the bad men behave. They were Pete Burlison, Mace Bowman, and Marion Littrell. They didn't know what fear was!

I remember when Jack Turner was elected Sheriff, he thought suppressing this bunch was to everyone's interest. So, one time when a bunch, whose leader was George Morrison was in town, he subpoened every Anglo man in town to help him maintain law and order.

This bunch was in Trowers store in the back room. When Turner got his men together, they surrounded the store, Knowing they were surrounded, one of them, by the name of Wallace came out in front with his Winchester in hand, and walked up and down, daring them to shoot him and making a big fuss. He talked plenty loudly to get the men from the back to come around front, thus giving the other men a chance to get their horses ready to get away.

When he had allowed them time to get ready, he went back in the store and right on through. The other fellows had gotten the gate open, their horses ready, and started on ahead of him. They went South, but Wallace was cut off and went North, across the river. The river was frozen over and his horse fell on the ice and was hurt. He started out again on foot and was shot. He dropped, wounded, about half a mile away.

However, he got well, and sometime later, maybe two years, he and Morrison

moved to Colorado.

After Turner's term was over, J. J. Chittenden was elected Sheriff and the wildness started up again.

There were three Barrooms in town at the time; Lambert's, Swenk's and Morgan & Stepp's. Many fights and killings took place in these establishments, and Lambert's, being the most popular, had its' share during the years. The main reason Lambert's was so popular was that it had the best whiskey. The whiskey was barrel whiskey and a drink was only twenty-five cents in those days.

Lambert, himself, killed a Mexican one day at his place. Lambert had put him out of the Dining Room several times because he was drunk. He kept coming back. Finally, Lambert met him at the door and struck him with his fist. The Mexican fell, hitting his head, and died later that night.

I have read where they claim that twenty-eight men were killed in Lambert's Barroom.

In those days it was quite common in selling cattle, to sell them "range delivery." The cattle would be scattered all over the country, and they would not go to the expense and trouble of gathering them for the sale. They would take the number of cattle turned loose, the number of calves branded and tally for each year after that. It was said that some of the cowmen, expecting to sell range delivery, would use a forked pencil to tally the calves. I am inclined to think the pencil the fellow used in tallying men killed at Lambert's had three points on it.

I only remember these: Pancho Griego got in a fight at Lambert's with three men, Anglos, over a game of cards, and, if I am not mistaken, he stabbed

all three, one or more was killed; then, there was the Mexican Lambert killed; four negroes killed by Dave Crockett; Pancho Griego killed by Clay Allison; and the horse thief who ran outside and was killed. I am quite sure these were all that were killed at Lambert's in the 70's.

Lambert's Bar was a part of the Hotel. Although Lambert's was renovated later, the Barroom, Dining Room and the side door were incorporated into the new building. Lambert's still stands to-day as do the Aztec Mill, the jail, although the wall around it is no longer standing, and Swenk's bar which is now a part of the Canyon Cafe.

At one time Cimarron was destined to be New Mexico's largest and leading city. In fact, it was the only town, with the exception of Elizabethtown in Colfax County, and Colfax County ran to the Texas border on the East and the Colorado border on the North. Cimarron was a fertile valley and raising cattle was its chief industry. At one time plans were started to make it a railroad center. The Railroad built a repair shop there.

Elizabethtown nearby was a mining town, and Cimarron came in for a share of gold rush fever.

The Maxwell Land Grant owned and managed all of the land around there. The Grant consisted of almost two million acres of real estate. Charles Beaubein received the tract of land from the Mexican Government and it was known as the Beaubein Miranda Grant. Maxwell came to New Mexico and married Luz Beaubein. He managed the Grant and when Charles Beaubein died in 1864, he bought the land from the heirs. This Grant included a large area of New Mexico and a portion of Colorado.

Maxwell sold the estate in 1871 to J. B. Chaffee. It wasn't until about 1880 when Frank Sherman was the manager, that sections of the land were sold. After Sherman became manager, he brought Paul Belloni du Chaillu, a French-American explorer of the interior of Africa, to Cimarron to enlist his aid in selling the Grant. Du Chaillu stayed at the Maxwell House for several days. Some of the land now known as Turkey Canyon sold for as little as fifty cents an acre. Other land sold at as much as five dollars an acre which was considered a high price in those days.

We saw quite a few Indians in those days, mostly Utes and Apaches. The Utes did not cause as much trouble as the Apaches. They were a better class of Indians and had better arms.

The Indians came in once each week for rations. The squaws and children would come into the corral and wait for the Agent to pass out their ration checks which were little discs about the size of a two cent piece. They would all crowd up around the gate and the Agent would start handing the discs out at the gate. The ones nearest the gate would get theirs first and get out. The squaws would carry their babies on cradle boards on their backs. Each squaw would get a check for her Buck, one for herself, and one for each child no matter how small. The Agents soon learned that it was best to inspect this cradle board to see if there was really a child there or if she had stuffed it to look like a child for an extra ration.

At first the government would buy long horn steers and have them in the corral. They would turn them out one at a time and the Indian Bucks would take after them and kill them, either with arrows or guns. The squaws would be right behind the Bucks. As soon as the steer would fall, the squaws would roll off their horses and start to cutting, without bothering to skin the steer.

The first there or the most adept with a knife would cut big slabs, while others would get hardly any. They finally stopped this practice because of the unfair division.

Then, the government bought the steers and had my father butcher them. Certain merchants in town got the contract to get the provisions for the Indians. Some were unscrupulous and bought a poor grade of beef and shorts. Many of the Indians blamed my father for the poor provisions, not knowing that he had nothing to do with the buying. It was the duty of the Agent to see that the Indians received a square deal and good provisions, but some ignored the situation.

The slaughter house was built so that a place in the wall could be pulled down to make a counter or table. The Indians would walk up to this counter for their rations.

One of the Indians was mean and everyone had trouble with him. He was sore at my father over the quality of provisions. He had a few drinks one day and came to the slaughter house for his provisions. When my father handed his meat over the counter to him, he took it, and slapped father in the face with it.

Pancho Griego, a Mexican I will tell more about, was there and he threw the meat back at the Indian. The Agent, G. Irwin, was standing by the wall; he slammed the counter door back in the wall, but the Indian shot and hit him in the hand, making him drop the door back down.

The Indians all crowded up at the window and were shooting at everyone in sight. Everyone ran for shelter. Father got behind the stove, between the stove and the wall. The stove was still hot and it was a tight fit, but it

was better than being out where the Indians could see him. Some of the men crawled under hides that were piled in the corner. The Indians finally got another door open and things looked black for awhile, but, my Mother had heard the shooting and ran for help. Some of the townspeople came down and drove the Indians off.

The Indians, of course, were not supposed to be able to buy liquor. However, a fellow named John Wilson, out near the Ponil, sold liquor to them. Indians could not testify in court so none could be called as witnesses. Sheriff Rinehart and one of his deputies decided to look into it. They wore blankets like Indians and went to Wilson's place. They peeked in the windows of his house and obtained all the evidence needed to arrest him.

Another time, while Burlison was Sheriff, some Indians were drunk down in the Mexican settlement by the creek. A woman ran into town and said the Indians were killing the Mexicans.

Burlison's office was down by Porter's store. He ran into Porter's while I was there and said, "Give me some cartridges, and grab your guns and come on."

We went out and could see the people going down toward the creek. This was court week and the town was full of strangers.

When they saw the Anglos coming, the Indians got back on the hill. Then seven of the Indians rode into town on their horses. They would ride down one at a time, riding very fast and come right at the people. They would lay flat on their horses, shoot, wheel around and ride away. The people started shooting at the Indians, killing one and hitting another. A third was captured and taken to jail. As soon as it was dark, the second one got up and left, so he evidently wasn't badly hurt.

The next morning the Squaws came down after the dead one. The Squaws did all the work around the reservations. I remember their mode of dress was different from the white women too. They made their dresses of hides of some sort and they came just below their knees.

While they were there, the Agent, the interpreter, and a fellow named Barnes went up to talk to the Squaws. They went unarmed for some reason. The interpreter spoke Spanish to the Indians, not their own language as most people believe. They saw an Indian come out of the brush and when they turned to walk away, he rode down and started shooting at them.

I was there watching with Burlison and Bob Stepp, when a fellow with a long range rifle shot the Indian's horse right between the eyes. The Indian jumped up and started running. They kept shooting at him and thought they might have hit him but weren't sure. Meantime the squaws left without their dead man.

That night the town was guarded. Some of the people were ready to go up to the old mill, and I believe some of the women did go up there with the children and stayed all night. But, it was quiet.

The Utes and Apaches were none too friendly with each other. One time the Utes claimed that an Apache from another reservation had bewitched one of them. They decided to kill him and they set ration day as the day to do it. They wanted to get their squaws out first so they could be safely back to camp before they took this Apache. That day, I remember, the Bucks were all climbing on the fence and yelling to the squaws to stay back. The Utes and Apaches did not speak the same language so their plan was not detected. The Utes were more friendly with the white men than the Apaches and had made

arrangements for the ration checks to be handed out at the back of the corral this day. When the Squaws received their checks, the Agent took a board off the back of the corral right near the window where my Father handed out the rations, and let the squaws out there. My Father was ready to hand out the rations and they got out right away.

After the squaws left, they grabbed the Apache and tied him to a mule, then took him above town near the creek. They turned him loose, then chased him, shooting him with arrows and killing him.

In the fall of 1876, a small-pox epidemic broke out in Cimarron. Most of the native people contracted the disease, many of them dying. Most of the Anglos had been vaccinated and very few contracted the dreaded scourge.

The disease spread to the Apaches who were in the vicinity, and they pulled out, leaving their sick behind. When they reached the Tom Boggs ranch, they camped for the night, continuing on the next morning. One woman and a small girl were left behind there. The girl had taken ill on the flight. The mother and daughter took over a cabin on the ranch.

Every day for a week the Mother was seen going to the spring for water. Then, for two days, she did not show up. Mr. Boggs sent one of his men down to investigate.

When he returned he said he could hear the child crying and that he got no answer when he called. He was afraid to go close enough to look in.

Mr. Boggs and some other men went to the cabin. They found the Mother dead and the child in a serious condition. The Mother evidently thinking her daughter about to die had stabbed the child with an old pair of rusty

sheep shears she had found. Then she stabbed herself to death.

But, between the time she stabbed herself and the time they were found, the child was making a recovery. The Boggs' family nursed the child back to health and brought her up. The Boggs' family had also raised three girls of the Kit Carson family.

At one time there was an Apache Indian who was crazy and the Indians kept him tied up most of the time. He got away from them once and slept at Chase's Ranch, in the kitchen, one night. He came on to Cimarron. He got right close to the road and built a rock wall. Some Mexicans came by and made some remarks about it. When they came back along he was laying there behind this wall and shot two of them with bow and arrows. One lived a week or so and then died. They rode on into town and got the injured boys father to come back with them. He came up behind the Indian and killed him with a long range gun.

I was at Matt Crosby's with my Father when the head Apache Chief came looking for this crazy Indian. Matt Crosby always said he never had trouble getting along with the Indians and there were usually several with him. He probably divided a beef with them now and then to stay in good with them. The Chief told Crosby if he saw this Indian to tie him up and let him know and he's come for him. When we got back in town, we found the Indian had been killed.

Another Apache Indian was leaving town on a mule one day, and met a Mexican family coming into town on a load of loose hay. The Indian shot arrows at the family. The Mexian had a six-shooter and started shooting at the Indian. The townspeople, hearing the shooting, went on the run.

The Indian got behind the mule and started shooting at them. Someone shot the mule and wounded him and he jerked away from the Indian. The Indian ran toward the prairie and lay down behind some "soap weeds". The townspeople followed him, shooting at him. When they got to him they found he had shot all his arrows away and was badly wounded.

They caught the mule and threw the Indian over the saddle, head down on one side and feet down on the other. They took him to jail about a mile away. The jail had a high wall around it. They drove the mule in the enclosure and dumped the Indian off. It was about dark then.

I heard Joe Holbrook tell about it afterward. He said he didn't think the Indian would live, he looked so near to death. They went off and left him. He went back over the next morning and the Indian was sitting up smoking his pipe as though nothing had happened.

In 1880 or 1881, Frank Sherman, the manager of the Grant, had the Indians moved from the Grant. The Utes and the Apaches were both moved, the Utes to Uray, Colorado and the Apaches to Ft. Stanton, New Mexico. There were some 400 of the Apaches.

The soldiers came from Fort Union to move them, but they kept coming back. The soldiers stayed there for awhile and each time the Indians came back, the soldiers would pack them up and take them back to the reservation.

Geronimo and his warriors had been on the warpath in southern New Mexico and Arizona. When they were captured in the southern part of the state in 1886, they were brought to Fort Union with their squaws and horses, and were kept there for some time.

Geronimo and other chiefs were kept in the guard house not in the jail, while the rest of the band were allowed to camp just outside the fort. They had no guard over them but their horses were taken away from them and were herded by the soldiers. The horses were a hard looking bunch, just skin and bones. The gray horse which Geronimo rode was shod ablethough Indians never shoe their horses.

I was in Wagon Mound when the report came back that Geronimo had surrendered to General Miles and they had sent the band to Florida. We started on a round-up and worked around several days to Fort Union. There were about twelve men in the round-up, and we split up. I had two or three men with me. When we got close to the Fort, we saw an Indian camp, but we only saw squaws and they paid no attention to us, didn't even look up. As we left, we saw some bucks coming down to the camp. We came up to the Fort and saw some squaws at the guard house talking to some Indian men at the window. They left the window as we came near. One camp was just below the Fort. When we got to the wagon, some of the boys ahead of us had been told that these Indians were Geronimo and his band.

They said the train on which Geronimo was being taken to Florida had been stopped at San Antonio with orders to hold the Indians there until they were ready for them in Florida.

One of the fellows with us was the son of the minister at the Fort, and another of our fellows lived at the Fort. So, they told us that Geronimo was there. We worked on around to Wagon Mound. People were talking about holding these prisoners at the Fort. In the meantime, it had snowed and the paper mentioned how much different the Indians would find the temperature in Florida.

Some of the young bucks pulled out of the camp at Fort Union and ran away. The soldiers caught them at Glorietta and brought them back.

In his writing, Jack Porter told that neither Billy the Kid nor Geronimo had been held at the Fort. I agreed with him about Billy but was sure that Geronimo had been there, so George Fitzpatrick, editor of the "New Mexico Magazine", wrote to the War Department to see if they had any record of Geronimo being held at the fort. The answer came back as follows:

THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES

Washington, D. C.

Division of Reference

August 17, 1940

Mr. George Fitzpatrick
New Mexico Magazine
Santa Fe, New Mexico

My dear Mr. Fitzpatrick:

This is in reply to your letter of August 7, in which you requested an account of the movements of Geronimo from the time of his surrender until he was sent to Alabama.

On September 4, 1886, Geronimo surrendered near Skelton Canyon to Brigadier General Nelson A. Miles. The following day General Miles took him and several other hostiles to Fort Bowie, Arizona, while Captain E. W. Lawton, 4th U. S. Cavalry, followed with the main body of Indian prisoners. Captain Lawton and his prisoners arrived at Fort Bowie September 8, and two days later the entire party, including Geronimo and Natchez, arrived at San Antonio, Texas.

There, the Indians were confined at San Antonio Barracks until

October 22, 1886, when they entrained for Fort Pickens and Fort Marion, Florida. Geronimo and the other adult male Indians were sent to the former fort. In the following year, the prisoners were transferred to Mount Vernon Barracks, Alabama, arriving on April 28, and on October 5, 1894, they were received at Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

Very truly yours,

P. M. Hamer, Chief
Division of Reference

Then, I wrote to them. I told them I knew that he had been held there. They wrote me a rather different letter.

THE ARMY WAR COLLEGE

Washington, D.C.

April 11, 1940

Mr. George E. Crocker,
Alameda,
New Mexico

Dear Sir:

Your letter of November 27, 1939, addressed to Lt. Col. F. W. Honeycutt (now Brigadier General) was forwarded to him in the Philippine Islands where he is now on duty. He has returned it to this place for preparation of the reply as he has no records available to him.

Nothing can be found in the reports of the War Department to indicate that Geronimo was ever taken to Fort Union. He surrendered to General Miles about 65 miles from Camp Bowie, Arizona, on September 14, 1886, and was taken to Camp Bowie on September 7. From there he was taken to San Antonio, Texas, arriving on September 10. He was still there on October

19, 1886, when President Cleveland ordered that he be sent to Fort Pickens, Florida. He arrived in New Orleans, Louisiana, on October 23, and on October 25, General Schofield, commanding the Division of the Atlantic, reported Geronimo to be at Fort Pickens. He stayed there two years, then five years at Vermont, Alabama, then Fort Sill, Oklahoma, where he died.

The only time he could have been returned to Fort Union would have been between September 10 and October 19, and if this were done, we can find no record of it. There were, however, other members of the band at Fort Union during September, 1886.

Yours very truly,

s/ J. E. Raymond

J. E. Raymond
Captain, Inf.
Librarian

I notice the letter shows the date of surrender as September 14th, yet he was taken to Camp Bowie on September 7th. Guess the Army was a little mixed up!

We had an old timers meeting in Santa Fe soon after and the subject was brought up. One of the fellows who lived close to Fort Union remembered that the Indians had been held there. He was retired and had nothing much to do, so he decided he would find some evidence. He looked for papers and articles but couldn't find anything.

Among those at the meeting were several who remembered that the Indians were held at the Fort. Among them were: Charles Liebschner, a cattle buyer, Louis Deutschman, a carpenter, Robert Kasper, a barber, Mrs. Beiman, a Watrous resident and "Don" Boni of Tiptonville.

Later, I figured out to my own satisfaction why this happened. These soldiers lived at Fort Union and when they got orders to keep them until they had the place in Florida ready, the officers decided to come back home and brought the Indians with them against orders. So there was no record.

There were lots of deer, antelope, and turkeys around in those days. One day I saw a boy shooting at an eagle. The eagle had evidently eaten too much and couldn't fly very high. I pulled out my rope and lassoed the eagle. The boy took him home and I don't know what he did with him.

Mrs. M. M. Chase, an old time resident, was attacked by a wild cat one evening. She walked down the trail to the creek. As she came back along the trail through the trees, the cat jumped out of the tree onto her.

She was saved injury because she was wearing a corset. Mrs. Chase was able to choke the cat to death. The joke of that time was that if the cat had known Mrs. Chase, he would never have bothered her.

About the year 1890, John Howe, a cowboy working on the Wagon Mound Range was sent on as an "outside man" to work with a round-up that was working up the Canada River below the Conchas.

In those days there were no fences and the cattle scattered over several counties. We would send men to different round up wagons to gather up cattle. These men were known as "outside men". The Wagon Mound Outfit had around twelve riders but I remember one summer counting twenty outside men, who worked for a short time. There weren't many round-up cooks who could cook for that many men, but ours did.

There had been a mount of horses left at a cow camp at the Conchas for Howe to pick up on his way to the round-up. The cow camp was located just about where the Conchas Dam is now, where the Conchas empties into

the Canadian River. When John got to the camp, he did not find anyone there. But, in those days a cow camp was left open in case anyone came along he could stay all night. John stayed there that night and made his bed down in the yard.

Next day he went up to a store about six miles west, and found the boy there who was staying at the cow camp. The boy had not intended to go back to the camp that day but told John he would go back if he'd wait for him. John waited. That night they made their beds down in the same place John had slept the night before. They lay there talking for awhile. John had just turned over to go to sleep when a wild cat jumped on him.

The boy found a bed slat and beat the cat off. John said the cat would run right past the boy and come at him. Finally they stunned the cat and John put in most of the night beating him with the slat to be sure he was dead. John said if he had been there alone, the cat would have killed him, and no doubt he was right.

The next day he went back to the store and they doctored him, but he carried the scars to his grave. They told him at the store that they heard him screaming the night before, although it was six miles away.

He went on to the Round-up Wagon. When he got there some of the fellows with the Wagon said they thought the wild cat must have had rabies. They knew of a "mad stone" in Texas and advised John to go there. He started for Texas but when he got to the Canadian River, he found it was high and he could not cross it and turned back. But, John lived without it.

Perhaps you've never heard of a "madstone". It was a stone usually about the size of an egg, commonly supposed to cure hydrophobia. It was placed on a wound from which it would draw matter. The treatment sometimes consisted of soaking the madstone in sweet milk, then applying

it to the wound, which had been slightly cut. According to one belief a genuine madstone would turn milk black.

Sometimes madstones were stones from the gall bladder of an animal. Another type was a hair ball from an animal's stomach.

The United States Department of Agriculture refers to madstones as mythical stones and says there alleged virtues have no scientific foundation, unless it is merely a psychological effect. However, people set great store in them then.

Now, let me tell you about some of the men who kept Cimarron in an uproar in those early days.

Clay Allison was a colorful character of the time and many stories have been written about him. There can be many a story told of Allison's capers and they needn't be exaggerated to make them interesting.

Allison had a flair for humor and when sober was well mannered and likeable. After a few drinks he was a person to be avoided. He often took law and order into his own hands, if the machinery of the law did not move fast enough to suit him. I never knew of Allison to shoot up the town as did many of the other cowboys.

When Allison was on one of his sprees in a saloon in Trinidad, he threw his gun on a boy who was in the saloon, Frank Catlin by name, and told him to dance. After Frank had danced to Allison's satisfaction, he left, but returned in a short time with a gun. Now it was Allison's time to dance.

Allison told Jim Hunt afterward, that this taught him not to fool with a boy. He said a damn fool boy had no more sense than to kill a man.

Clay Allison killed only three men in Colfax County in the seventies.

He killed Chunk, at the Clifton House at the crossing on Red River; Pancho Griego in Lambert's Barroom at Cimarron; Manuel Cardenas at the rock jail in Cimarron; and led the mob that hung Cruz Vega.

Now, let me tell you in detail of these killings as I recall them. Old timers all said they never heard Chunk called by any other name but Chunk. However, books of recent print give him the name of Chunk Colbert.

One day there were races at Clifton House. Allison and Chunk met at Clifton House and had a few drinks as usual. Chunk had a bad disposition and was getting mean. Allison called him into one of the anti-rooms and tried to pacify him. The dinner bell rang and they went into the Dining Room together. There was a stranger there looking for work and he followed Allison and Chunk into the Dining Room.

Allison and Chunk sat opposite each other. They had their guns in their laps. Allison's story was that Chunk tried to shoot him. Evidently Allison shot first and killed Chunk. Some stories have it that Chunk attempted to fire first, but that his gun hit the table and his shot went wild. At any rate, Chunk was dead and dead men tell no stories.

Before dinner they had agreed that after they had eaten, they would get on their horses and fight it out. Now, Allison went out and got on his horse. He got the dinner bell and rode up and down in front of the hotel ringing the bell. He announced that the fight had been called off due to an accident to one of the contestants.

Allison and the stranger rode away together. The man was never seen again. It was never satisfactorily settled if Allison killed him or just sent him out of the country so there would be no witnesses.

I don't think Allison would kill a man for such reason. It was pretty generally agreed that the men Allison killed were deserving to

be killed.

A side note on Chunk....he had at least one killing to his credit. Charlie Morris was a fellow the Grant had around to do its fighting. He was a bad man, and was afraid of nothing. Morris lived across the road from us and had three or four small children. Chunk came to town, and that day, Morris' wife, fearing trouble, begged him to leave his gun at home, which we did. It was rumored that Morris' wife and Chunk had been married and lived in Colorado before she married Morris.

Chunk and Morris met in the saloon. They had words and Chunk said he would not kill an unarmed man. He told Morris to go home and get his gun.

Morris started home through the saloon. Chunk followed him out and as he stepped out the door, Morris swung around and made a grab for him, saying he would fight him without a gun. Chunk pulled his gun and shot him in the head.

We heard the shot but did not know who had been killed until a Mexican man came down the road and talked to Mrs. Morris, who had walked out to the road and stood looking toward town, after the shot. When the Mexican gave her the news, she screamed and we were sure it was Morris who had been killed.

Rev. F. J. Tolby, a Methodist minister, was returning from Elizabethtown to Cimarron on September 14, 1875, when he was shot and killed on what was since named Tolby Creek.

The minister was returning from holding services at Elizabethtown, a boom mining town, when he was killed, and his body was discovered a few days later with two bullet holes in the back.

When Sheriff Rinehart, who had been appointed by Governor Axtell after the resignation of J. J. Chittenden, did not capture the murderer,

O. P. McMains, a Methodist minister, got Allison interested in finding the murderer. Allison got a few friends together and they centered their investigation on a man named Cruz Vega.

Vega, on the day of Rev. Colby's murder was substitute mail man, carrying the mail by horseback to Elizabethtown. Rev. Tolby stopped to talk to Pasco's, who were friends of my folks. They saw Vega cut across the back country, riding fast. Later they surmised he was attempting to get ahead of Rev. Tolby.

It was hinted at the time that Pancho Griego, whom we will hear more of later, might have been instrumental in putting Vega up to it. An American was working on the Ponil about three miles north of Cimarron, and Vega was staying with him on this night.

Allison and his friends went out and got Vega, and the result was another necktie party to go down in Colfax County history. Vega assertedly made a confession just before he was strung up to a telegraph pole and that confession implicated a man from Taos, and others. The motive for the murder was based on politics.

The next morning after the lynching, Rinehart brought the American who was with Vega into town and put him in jail. Pancho and some of his friends dug through the jail wall and got him out that night. Pancho, of course, was interested in learning if Vega had implicated him. After this, Pancho went to drinking and made threats against Allison.

Sometime later, Allison rode into Cimarron at the head of twenty or more heavily armed men looking for M. W. Mills, John Donahue and Dr. Longwell for questioning. Mills had, at the time, the mail carrying contract between Cimarron and Elizabethtown, and Donahue had the letting of it.

Allison wanted to talk to them about the investigation he was taking upon himself to conduct.

Dr. Longwell got wind of Allison's coming and left for Santa Fe a little while before Allison arrived. In the meantime, however, Donahue and Mills had been rounded up and Allison left them in custody of his men while he attempted to overtake Dr. Longwell.

A short distance from Fort Union, Allison met the Doctor but found he was returning to Cimarron with a body guard of U. S. Troopers provided by Governor Axtell after telegraphic request. Longwell turned back and went to Santa Fe. He did not show up in Cimarron for quite awhile.

Allison returned to Cimarron and Mills and Donahue, who had been held under surveillance, were released. It was rumored that Dr. Longwell offered $500.00 reward for Allison 'Dead or Alive".

The trouble between Allison and Longwell ended abruptly and in an odd way. As if prearranged, Allison came to Cimarron one day and went directly to Swenk's Barroom. There, he met Longwell in a private room and they had a talk. When they were seen going in, everyone thought there would surely be trouble. However, when they parted, they seemed to be friends, and they shook hands. Longwell went back to Santa Fe and Allison to his ranch. Nothing more was heard about the reward Longwell was offering for Allison.

McMains and Billy Terhune were later arrested and held in jail for awhile for their part in the lynching of Vega. McMains was rumored to have been one of the men at the lynching.

A short time later Allison went before a Justice of the Peace and obtained a warrant for the arrest of Cardenas, the man from Taos, allegedly implicated in the Tolby murder, by Vega.

Then Allison had himself appointed a deputy and went to Taos to serve

the warrant. Allison returned to Cimarron with Cardenas and a hearing was held before a Justice of Peace.

But Allison evidently decided not to wait for the machinery of the law to turn very far. Before the court was adjourned, he left the court room and waited in the darkness near the jail wall. As the two deputies escorted the prisoner to jail, Allison stepped out of the darkness and shot him.

Allison came into town with a load of beef one evening. He met Donahue about in front of our house. They talked awhile, then Donahue went on home and Allison started on to town. As he left Donahue, Allison saw Pancho Griego and two Menicans coming down the road from Lambert's. Allison put his hand on his six shooter. He called, "Hold on there, Pancho, I'm not as well armed as you. You have the advantage of me."

As he talked, he edged toward a dry river bank there.

Pancho said, "Don't be afraid of me. I am not going to hurt you."

He threw his Winchester to the ground. Then he came up and shook hands with Allison. He told one of the Mexicans to take his gun on home.

Pancho and Allison went on to Lambert's Barroom. It was about sundown. Lambert was in the kitchen helping to prepare the supper. He heard someone in the Barroom and went in. He waited on them and then rushed back in the kitchen. Pancho said to Allison, "Come here, I want to talk to you."

Allison followed him across the room and when they got to the other side, Allison shot him. Lambert heard a shot and ran into the Barroom. Not seeing anyone in the Barroom he quickly closed up to prevent further trouble.

Another fellow and I had just come into town and as we passed Lambert's,

he remarked that it was odd that Lambert's was closed so early.

When Allison left the Barroom, he went into Porter's store to see Ace Middaugh. He had a grudge with Middaugh for some reason, but I never heard what their trouble was over. Porter's store was also the Post Office. Middaugh was standing behind the pigeon-holes where the mail is sorted and saw Allison came in. Middaugh didn't want to see him. So, when Allison asked for Middaugh, he was told that Middaugh was not there. He went out and left town on foot. The stage coach was due about then and I think he was probably picked up or he may have walked on to the Ponil.

Pancho Greigo frequently hung around my father's butcher shop. When he did not return home that night, some of this friends came to our house looking for him. Trevio was leading them. They came to the door and asked my father if he had seen him. Trevio was carrying a gun and some of his friends had guns too.

About this time Ace Middaugh started home from the store. He was on the look-out for Allison. He saw the men, carrying guns talking to my father but could not recognize them in the darkness. He pulled his gun and jumped behind a tree thinking this might be Allison's gang.

Trevio heard him, and thinking it was Allison, started for him. My father, fearing trouble, grabbed Trevio and held him, preventing any shots. Middaugh, upon hearing my father's voice, said, "That you, Crocker?" and came up, thus closing that incident; Trevio and his gang went elsewhere looking for Pancho and Middaugh went on home.

When Lambert opened up next morning, he found Pancho's body. There was a big chair in the corner and he had fallen between the wall and the chair, so Lambert had missed him the night before when he hurried into the room.

The next day, Clay and John Allison and maybe ten men came in for Clay's wagon. They split into two groups and John had a minor skirmish himself. He met Francis Clutton and slapped his face, claiming Clutton had insulted him at a dance.

My brother Frank and I were going to the slaughter house, When we were at one end of the bridge, Clay Allison and his bunch hit the other end and they were riding pretty fast. Clay let out one of his war whoops and it scared us so we started to run. There was a high fence and Frank made it over and ran into Porter's store but I couldn't make it over the fence so I just kept running until I got home.

The gang was dissatisfied with some of the stories appearing in the newspaper. They rode up to the print shop. Abe Sever, who was with them said there was a paper on the table and one of them started to pick it up. However, the editor grabbed it and wouldn't let go. Porter Stockton, who was with them, took his knife and kept prodding the editor with it, but he still held on. Sever was of the opinion that Stockton would have liked to use the knife right then and there. However, the bunch left without any trouble and rode out of town. Clay was not satisfied though, and kept turning around and starting back. He'd wheel around and be coming pretty fast and they'd have to overtake him and talk to him. Then they'd start on with him seemingly pacified

Another time the boys didn't like what was appearing in the Cimarron paper or else they were just having a little fun for the evening. At any rate, the print shop looked like a hurricane had hit it when they got through and the shop was temporarily out of business.

Allison had ridden into town with Joe Curtiss about sundown that day, made the usual visits to the grog shops and later the rest of the gang came into

town. They got together and descended on the print shop.

A big log was used to batter down the door. They damaged the press. Type boxes, containing loose type was taken to the bridge with the intention of dumping it into the river. However, some of the type missed the river and lit on the bank. We kids were paid to go down and pick up type the next day.

The next morning all the gang was gone except Allison and Joe Curtiss. After they made the rounds of the saloons and put a few under their belts, they went down to inspect the results of the night's work. There was a stack of papers still in the shop, papers that had been run off the press the day before and printed on one side only, expecting to finish the job the next day.

Allison picked up an armful of these papers that were blank on one side, and Curtiss followed suit. They went around the town selling the papers at twenty-five cents a copy. Our house was the first one they came to. My boother and I saw them coming down the road. When we saw them coming to the front door, we left by the back door. I was so excited, I had gotten clear to school before I noticed that the hat I had picked up belonged to the fellow who was staying at our house.

John Granger, a cowman of the early days, told of an experience he had with Clay Allison. They were riding through the canyon one day and met a Ute Chief. Cattle had been disappearing up by Vermijo. Some Ute Indians were camping around there and they were being blamed for the disappearance of the cattle. After Granger and Allison had gone by the Indian, Allison suddenly said, "Let's kill that Indian."

Granger said he didn't care, so they turned around to go back and get the Indian. When they turned around, the Indian saw them and took off on a dead run. They followed him for awhile, then decided to give him up and go on.

Governor Axtell ordered U. S. Troops sent from Fort Union to arrest Allison for the killing of Don Pancho Griego. When the soldiers went out to arrest Allison, they also arrested Porter Stockton. This wasn't the first time Stockton had been arrested.

He was arrested at Trinidad for killing a Mexican fellow in Cimarron. Stockton had been a bartender at Lincoln during the Lincoln County War and later moved to Colfax County. The Mexican he killed cooked for Trowers, a merchant in Cimarron. Stockton reportedly had breakfast there one day and then walked into the kitchen and shot the Mexican for no apparent reason.

When they went to arrest him at Trinidad, he jumped from a shed and crippled himself. They brought him back to Cimarron to the jail. There was a high wall around the jail.

Before Stockton got well from his fall, Dave Crockett and Gus Hefferan got permission to go to see him. They walked up and went into the jail. Of course it was all planned.

Porter's brother Ike came to town supposedly looking for Dave and Gus. He came to the jail and asked to see them. The jailer opened the door and found himself covered with a gun.

Mrs. Erminger was visiting at Chittenden's, a short way from the jail. She left her horse, saddled with a side saddle hitched near the jail while she was visiting.

When Porter and Ike came out of the jail, Porter got on Ike's horse and Ike ran down and jumped on Mrs. Erminger's horse. They rode away. They sent word to Mrs. Erminger the next day where she could get her horse, and she got it back.

I was at the slaughter house when this took place. Sheriff Rinehart came riding by with his Winchester in hand, hollering for the men to grab their guns

and come on. They rode after them quite a way but they never overtook them.

Getting back to Allison and Stockton, they were brought to Cimarron after their arrest. However, criminal cases were never tried at Cimarron but were taken to Taos. Allison gave bond to appear in Taos for the Grand Jury. In the interim, he held Sheriff Rinehart prisoner for a day.

Stockton did not give bond and was taken to jail but somehow was later released. He went up about Durango, Colorado and later got into trouble there. A posse went to his cabin to talk to him. Just he and his wife were there. He came to the door and talked to them. When they turned, Stockton grabbed his gun and started shooting. The officers surrounded the house. After Stockton was killed, or mortally wounded, his wife came to the door with the Winchester. One of the officers shot, trying to knock the gun from her hand. He hit the gun and a splinter from the gun went into her body and she was killed.

Sometime later, Ike Stockton came to get revenge for their deaths and he also was killed.

The day before Allison's trial, he and a few of his friends, well armed as usual, left his ranch on horseback for Taos where Court was to be held. They had not gone far when they overtook Sheriff Rinehart who was also bound for Taos, riding in a sulky.

Playful as always, Allison stopped the sheriff and ordered his to step down. The sheriff looked the gang over and got down. Allison took off his big sombrero and exchanged it for the sheriff's hard boiled hat. Then Rinehart was ordered to mount Allison's horse.

"Mr. Sheriff", Allison said, "I was your prisoner a few days ago. Now you are mine."

Allison sitting in the sulky with the Sheriff's hard boiled hat sitting on top of his head was getting a big kick out of it, making quips and laughing

boisterously. The Sheriff, thoroughly chagrinned, didn't enjoy it quite as much. When they were a few miles out of Taos, Allison returned the hat and sulky and let the Sheriff go on.

When court was in session, Allison walked into court and asked the Judge if his bond holders were released now that he had appeared. The Judge said that they were, so he walked out and rode away. The Grand Jury indicted him but Rinehart made no effort to arrest him, knowing that it was useless.

I remember another little incident about Allison. Henry Kingman was eating at Lambert's one time when Allison came in and said he was going to shoot every man there who was wearing a white shirt. Since Henry was one of these with a white shirt, he had a few bad minutes before Allison walked on into the Barroom.

Col. Jack Potter told the story that when he was a young cow puncher he was working near Fort Sumner. As the trail herds came in, Potter would cut out branded cattle from his outfit that were mixed up with the other herds. While following herds one day he found a steer with the brand of his outfit as well as the brand of the road steer. He went to the man in charge and told him he would have to cut out the steer. The man in charge went with him to look at the steer. He started to cut out the steer but the man told him that this was no place to cut out a steer, just as they were going to water.

Potter said he was going to cut it out now that he had it spotted.

The man said, "I'm telling you for the last time to leave that steer alone."

Potter thought he was probably bluffing so he suggested that if he couldn't do it peacefully he could do it with a .45 Colt.

The man said if he felt that way about it, he could stop at the general store and have Mr. Teats, the merchant, stand good for the steer. Potter asked whom he should tell Teats this man was. The man said, "Clay Allison." The hair

on Potter's head stood on end. The next day Allison kept his word and paid for the steer at the store.

Allison married Dora McCollough and moved to Roswell. She and her brother and sister had lived with an Uncle about twelve miles from Cimarron. I knew her older sister, Kate, who married John Allison. Kate did sewing and would stay at the house where she was sewing. (This was when she was a girl.) She stayed at our house while she helped my Mother with her sewing. Allison was more settled after their marriage. They had two children, both girls, to whom he was very devoted.

One time Ramer and Nash sold some steers to Pawnee Cattle Company, located on the Pawnee River north of Denver. Allison drove the steers, about seven hundred, through Wagon Mound. Joe Nash went to help turn the steers over to the Pawnee Cattle Company. After the steers were turned over, Allison and the cowboys started back home.

In a town north of Denver, Allison developed a toothache. He went to a Dentist. The Dentist pulled the wrong tooth which displeased Allison no end. Believing in, "An eye for an eye", Allison grabbed the Dentist, took his forceps and pulled one of his teeth. Nash said he also had some of the Dentist's lip in the forceps and he could be heard screaming all over town.

One day as Allison was leaving his ranch near Roswell, in a buggy, he overtook an old man driving a four-horse team with a load of lumber. He told the old man he was too old to be driving that lumber.

"You get in my buggy and I'll drive the team", said Allison.

The old man tried to talk him out of it but Allison insisted. He drove a short distance and one of the wheels ran into a chuck hole. Allison was thrown out and the wheel ran over him. The old man got to him as quickly as possible.

Just as Allison was breathing his last, he had time for a few words, "Pull

off my boots quick", he said. As the boots were coming off, he added, "I made up my mind to die with my boots off."

His enemies had always said he would die with his boots on but he had made up his mind to show them.

Many times Allison had almost gone to eternity with his boots on. Just how many gun fights he took part in is problematical. His dying words were probably the last gesture of a man tired of violence and violent death.

While Allison was one of the greatest characters who ever came to New Mexico, it is doubtful if he had the iron nerve of some men of that time.

Marion Littrell and Allison went with the same widow at one time. Allison sent word to Littrell to quiet down or he'd come and take care of him. Littrell said he didn't pay any attention when Allison sent the message, but when Mace Bowman sent the same word to him, he quieted down fast and Littrell was afraid of nothing.

For sheer nerve Bowman was a better man than Allison. Bowman did not have the record of killings but he didn't need them to get a reputation.

Bowman and Allison were friends but often pretended to "fall out" and put on fake duels. One time they rode into town together. After they had a few drinks, they pretended to fall out. They stayed in town two or three days pretending to try to get a draw on the other. They finally agreed to each lay his gun on the bar, step back so many paces, then run for his gun and shoot. Since Allison was lame it was surprising that he would agree to such a duel if it were really in earnest. But, they ran to the bar, each grabbing his gun, then instead of shooting, waited for the other. Had they really been wanting to kill the other, neither would have waited. This went on for a few days and then they rode out of town together.

Dave Crockett was an arrogant young fellow who moved to New Mexico from Texas

and his story deserves telling. He was born February 4, 1853, and was only twenty-three when he met his death. He was wild and caused a good deal of excitement.

About nine o'clock one evening, Dave Crockett, Gus Heifner, and Henry Goodman were preparing to leave town. But, first they decided to stop in at Lambert's for a drink, and also for a bottle to take along on their trip.

Leaving the bar, Dave was in the lead. The other two stopped to pick up the bottle. When Dave was at the door, he grasped the knob. The action was simultaneous with someone's turning it on the other side. It was almost a duel of knob turning and it peeved the young Texan.

Finally, with a quick pull he opened the door. When he saw it was a negro soldier who had been delaying his exit, he pulled his pistol and shot him.

Sitting at a table inside the room were two negro soldiers playing cards and another soldier looking on. Turning quickly, Crockett poured lead into the trio.

My Mother and I were at home alone. After we heard the shots, we heard a noise in our back yard. Mother got up, opened the door and looked out, but saw no one. Henry Goodman told us afterward that he had run from Lambert's after the killing and hid behind a pile of lumber stacked up in our yard. He saw Mother when she opened the door but stayed quiet.

The other men had their horses at the barn which served as a camp for the soldiers. This was a tremendous barn surrounded by a high adobe wall and could very easily be used as a fort. Since it was inadvisable to go for their horses, they left town on foot. Crockett managed to get to Dick Steel's ranch, which is now the Springer Ranch. The next day the soldiers swarmed the hills; up and down the creek; and through the brush in search of the killer. He was not found.

Gus Heifner, a pal of Crockett's, considered himself a bad man, but I doubt if anyone else thought so. It didn't matter though, as Crockett had nerve enough for both.

Crockett was a cattleman but had sold his cattle and was just hanging around with Heifner. He and Gus usually came into town together. At times they rode up and down the streets, shooting at everything in sight, or just shooting to be shooting. Upon occasion they would ride into the stores on horseback.

Once Crockett rode in and bought a suit of clothes, then rode out telling the clerk to charge it to the Sheriff. Sometimes if they met someone they didn't like, they would draw a gun on him and force him into a saloon, then make him buy drinks for everyone.

Meantime Sheriff Rinehart was trying to get someone to help him arrest Crockett. Holbrook told me that Rinehart had asked him several times to help him. Crockett knew that Rinehart was trying to get Holbrook to help him and on seeing him in town one day, pulled his six shooter and began cursing him, saying he was in town to arrest him.

As a matter of fact, Holbrook wasn't in town for this at all, but the public bawling out made him sore. So, he went to Sheriff Rinehart and accepted the office of Deputy Sheriff. Holbrook came to our house and borrowed my father's double barrelled shot gun. He loaded both barrels with buck shot.

He hid behind the well curb and waited with both barrels cocked. John McCollough and Rinehart were behind a hay stack.

When Crockett and Heifner came along, Holbrook got up from behind the well and took a bead on the killer. He shouted for Crockett to throw up his hands.

Instead, Crockett said, "Shoot."

I doubt if it made any difference whether Crockett had put his hands up or not, he would have still been shot.

At the shot, Crockett's horse ran away wildly with Crockett still in the saddle.

Crockett and Heifner had been to our house just before Crockett was killed. They rode up and hollered. We were all in bed but my mother got up and went to the door. They asked for my Father. Mother told them he was not there. Then they asked for a young fellow by the name of Wheeler who was staying with us. When she told them he was not there with her, Heifner said he knew better, they were there but had sent a woman to cover up for them. Crockett told him to shut his mouth. They left and went to Chittenden's close by. Chittenden got up and talked to them. They told him they expected to be way-layed on their way home and wanted some one to go with them to see that they got a fair deal. Shortly after they left we heard the shots.

Crockett's horse ran over to the part of town where the Mexican people lived. One of them heard the horse run in and went out to investigate. He took Crockett from his saddle. He had gripped the saddle horn so hard they could scarcely break the grip.

Heifner got away and kept right on going until he came to Burlison's camp and notified him that Crockett had been shot. Burlison came right in to town. He found Crockett's body and took him to Lambert's where he was laid out in one of the rooms. Lambert had rooms rented across the street from the Hotel and this was where they had Crockett laid out.

It was rumored that Crockett's mother had asked Burlison to look after him. They had come to New Mexico together from Texas. Burlison lived out with the Texans and the people opposed his selection as sheriff, fearing that he would allow lawlessness. However, he made a good officer, and when he ran for Sheriff

in the year 1878, he was elected. He made the tough guys behave and like it.

Rinehart and Holbrook, too, went out to look for Crockett. They did not know how badly they had hurt him. They went as far as Vermijo looking for him. When they got back in town, they heard that Crockett was laid out and went in to see for themselves. They didn't bother to take off their hats when they walked in and Burlison would have killed Holbrook if he hadn't been held back.

Crockett was buried at the Cimarron Cemetery in September, 1876. A lot of people in Cimarron felt that Crockett was killed in a cowardly way. They felt it was too bad that it wasn't Heifner who was killed. Heifner was a coward.

The next Sunday, after Crockett's death, Gus Heifner rode back into Cimarron with his gun across his saddle. He rode around town like he was looking for someone but I think he was mighty careful he didn't find anyone. Holbrook had gone back to his ranch by this time.

Heifner did run onto J. McCollough's father-in-law, Bishop, by name, and abused him a little. But, he was just an old man and it didn't matter too much. Heifner came back in town and camped. One day another tough fellow came in town. Heifner tried to get him to leave. The fellow had bought a saddle from the saddler at the edge of town. Some thought he tried to shoot the saddler but hit Heifner instead. The fellow left town and never returned. Heifner soon moved to Colorado.

Two men rode into Cimarron one day. They were riding two gray horses, a matched team. They sold the horses to Henry Lambert, but it turned out that one of the men was a notorius horse-thief. The horses were stolen in Colorado.

The day after they sold the horses, three officers from Colorado arrived at Cimarron, having trailed the thieves to Lambert's. When they got to Lambert's two of the officers got off their horses with their guns in hand and entered the bar. The other stayed on his horse outside. As soon as the thief saw the men, the mutual recognition made him panicky. He jumped from the chair where he was

sitting and ran through the dining room, out the side door and across the street. Just as he reached the steps that went up on the porch in front of the Maxwell House, one of the officers who had followed him through the dining room and out the side door, shot and killed him before he could mount the steps.

The officer shot him with a long range rifle, from the side door through which the thief had just run. The reason that I remember a long range rifle was used was that this gun shot a long cartridge which was something new in those days, and there was a lot of talk about it at the time. However, the distance between the thief and the officer did not require the long range gun.

The posse continued its search for the other thief, but he was nowhere to be found.

Agnes Morley was about four years old at the time. She came out the gate just as the man fell at her feet. She was of the opinion that the officer who stayed outside was the one who shot the man, but that isn't correct. She thought he ran up on horse back and shot the man and then got off his horse and turned him over with the toe of his boot. She thought he was the one who killed him. This fellow is buried in the Cimarron Cemetery, also.

The Red River Cattle Company had a place on the Gila River and a steer pasture on Red River near Springer. In the spring they shipped the steers up to Springer.

Bud English was working for the Red River Company and came up with the cattle. He went to work at Springer. I used to ride with him a good deal. Bud English always kept a six shooter. He kept it wrapped in a slicker on his saddle.

If he rode up to a sheep herder or someone he didn't know, he would untie a string and put his hand on the six shooter. He told me that a fellow couldn't get a good job with a cow outfit unless he had killed a man.

Sim Colley, the foreman, got sick and had to go to Denver to be treated.

That left Bud English and Fred Arellano alone. Unbeknown to me, Colley had told them that if anything came up they didn't understand, to come to me and I would tell them what to do. So, Fred came to me one day and said that he had trouble with this Bud English, a day or two before. Bud had been feeding grain to one of the best horses and this was in the summer time before you feed grain to the stock. The next day, he said, he was lying down. The door was open and English was walking up and down in front of the door and kept looking in at him. Fred got up and went in the other room for his six shooter but it was gone. When he told me about it, I told him to get his horses and go to a camp they had in the other end of the pasture, until the other fellows came back.

The next day, Bud came to me and told me that Fred was going up there. I told him I had told him to go. So, then we got word to gather some cattle up to ship to Magdalena. Fred came back down there to the other camp the day we started to round up the cattle. Some of the other boys and I were with Fred when we met English and they had a fuss. I don't know if Bud hit Fred or not, but Fred struck English.

Some of Fred's relatives were there that day. We took the cattle to Springer to ship them and the wagon was camped. Some of us had ridden up to the wagon, but English had stayed with the cattle. English came in, but instead of coming to the wagon he rode up to the stockyards by the wagon. As he rode by Fred and his relatives started making fun of him.

I said, "Boys, you let that fellow alone, he'd kill a man."

They hooted and hollered at me for saying that he'd kill anyone. English went on with the cattle.

While the outfit was in Magdalena shipping cattle, the cook of the outfit and he were playing poker and fell out. The cook told English he'd fight him

any way he wanted to fight. English made no answer to him. He went to the camp and got the cook's six shooter and broke the firing pin off and put the gun back.

Next day at dinner time when they were all there, English said to the cook, "You wanted to fight me any way I wanted to, let's make it now. Go get your six shooter."

The cook went and got the six shooter. He snapped it and of course it didn't fire. English killed him.

He stayed around there awhile and left and went up to Washington Territory. He wrote one of the boys and said he was coming back to stand trial. The fellow wrote him that he'd better not come back.

About the year 1877, a Mr. Maxwell and his boy, about sixteen years of age, came to New Mexico from the East, leaving his wife behind. They took up a ranch near Palo Blanco in eastern Colfax County, intending to stock the ranch with cattle. He had a negro working for him, helping build a house and corrals; also hauling lumber and other freight from Trinidad.

One day cowboys passing near the house, noticed a team hitched to a wagon loaded with poles, standing near the house. As they passed back that way the next day, the team was at the same place. They went to the house, followed the wagon tracks back, and found the boy's body lying near the road. Thinking that the boy had been thrown from the load of poles, they went on to a camp they knew Maxwell had, out in the hills, (where he cut poles and logs for his house and corrals) to notify him of his sons death. When they got there, they found Mr. Maxwell had been killed, and that the negro was missing.

They notified Sheriff Burlison at Cimarron. Burlison wired Trinidad, Colorado to keep a look-out for the negro and arrest him. Word came back in a short time that they had the negro under arrest. He was brought back to Cimarron

tried, convicted and sentenced to be hung.

The gallows was erected and his grave dug near the gallows, just south of where the Catholic Church now stands; just over the hill, out of sight of the town.

The day that he was to be hung, the news spread around town that the negro would make a talk from the gallows.

About two o'clock of the day of the execution, a wagon drove up to A. H. Carey's carpenter shop, loaded on a plain board coffin and drove from there to the jail. The guards brought the prisoner out; he got up on the wagon, sat down on the coffin, and they started for the gallows. At this time, you could see men, women, and children, leaving their houses and others well on their way, headed for the gallows.

Arriving at the gallows, the prisoner walked up the steps, stood on the gallows, and addressed the crowd, as "Ladies and Gentlemen". After a few preliminary remarks, such as pointing at his grave and saying it would be only a few minutes before he would be laying out there under the ground, he went on to tell how he had killed the Maxwell's.

He said they were out in the camp in the timber that morning. They had cut a load of poles and loaded them on the wagon. After dinner the boy had started to the ranch with the load. Mr. Maxwell walked out to where they had a saddle horse staked, close by, to change the stake pin to fresher grass, and started back to the tent. Then, he (the negro) picked up the gun and shot at the old man, but missed him. Maxwell walked up to him and wanted to know what he meant by shooting at him. The negro said he was shooting at a rabbit.

"Well, you let that gun alone, you came very near to hitting me, " Maxwell said.

He took the gun from the negro and set it down inside the tent. In a little

while the negro saw another chance and picked up the gun and killed him.

He then got the horse, saddled him and started to overtake the boy. When he overtook the boy, the boy expressed surprise at seeing the negro and wanted to know why he had been riding so fast. The negro told him that after he had left, they discovered they were about out of provisions, and that his father had sent him to tell the boy to bring what they needed for the camp. Also, he was to go on with the boy and help him with unloading the poles.

He rode along beside the boy and as he turned his head to look at some cattle near the road, the negro shot him. At the crack of the gun, the horses started to run and the boy fell off the load. The negro now started for Trinidad with what little money he had found on the old man.

That morning the teams that were doing the freighting from Trinidad had left Maxwell's place for Trinidad expecting to return with lumber and other freight. They had a letter from Maxwell to a blacksmith in Trinidad, ordering some tools and irons that Maxwell needed in building his house and corrals.

When the negro overtook these teams, he told them that Maxwell had sent them word by him, not to haul any more lumber or freight until they had further orders. He also asked for, and obtained the letter to the blacksmith, ordering the irons and tools. He went to Trinidad, took the letter to the blacksmith, told him he would be back after the irons as soon as he could get them ready.

It was his intention to go right back to the Maxwell ranch, before the bodies were found; then report finding them. But, he got on a drunk and stayed around Trinidad six or seven days. He then went to the blacksmith shop, got the irons and tools and started back. He was overtaken a few miles out of Trinidad by the Deputy Sheriff. He was arrested and taken back to Trinidad.

His last words were a warning to all young men and boys to beware of wine and women. He said that this was what had put him where he was.

He saw his coffin as well as his grave, but did not stay in either very long. That night, Dr. Tipton, of Tiptonville, later of Las Vegas, had the body dug up, loaded on a spring wagon and taken to Tiptonville for a cadaver.

Most of the crowd left before the trap was sprung.

While the negro was in jail, waiting for the day of execution, he received a letter from Mrs. Maxwell. As nearly as I remember, she said she could not understand why he had killed her husband and boy. Letters she had received from her husband and boy often mentioned the negro and she knew they were good to him. She said the punishment he would get on this earth would be nothing to what he would get in the beyond, and while she could look forward to the time her days would be ended here, and she would meet her husband and boy in Heaven, he would have nothing to look forward to, except the punishment he had coming. She would enjoy life in Heaven with her loved ones while he would be going through the tortures of Hell.

In 1884, Elfego Baca went to Frisco, at that time Socorro County, one day when three cowboys were on a spree and were shooting up the Plaza. Mr. Baca, being an officer, put one boy under arrest. The other two left, going to some of the cow ranches nearby, and told that the one cowboy had been arrested. They were afraid he might be lynched by the Mexicans.

The next morning twenty-five or thirty cowboys rode into Frisco to see that the cowboy was not harmed, and that he received a fair trial. After they got there and talked to Mr. Baca, they decided that the cowboy was in no danger. Baca agreed to give him a trial before the local Justice of the Peace, and everything was settled satisfactorily all around until a rattle-brained cowboy, no doubt thinking that he would show his fellow cowboys how brave he was, turned in and gave Baca a cussing.

Baca seemed to think now that they all had it in for him and that his life was in danger, and he left, going in a jacal nearby. The cowboys had a few

drinks and were all having a good time and were in good humor. Something came up that they wanted to see Baca about, and after being told he had gone to the jacal, they decided to send for him. Someone suggested that it would be quite a joke to send the Deputy Sheriff after him, and the others agreed. The Deputy and Bert Hern, a cowboy about 19 years old, went to the jacal after him.

After knocking and getting no answer, they tried the door and found it locked. Bert kicked on the door and as soon as he kicked the door, Baca shot through the door. The bullet hit Bert in the bowels, and he died about two hours afterward. The only reasonable excuse anyone could make for Baca was that he was so badly scared that he was not responsible for what he did.

As soon as Bert died, the cowboys, joined by others in the Plaza, around forty to fifty men in all, started out to get Baca, "Dead or Alive." They started shooting at the house Baca was in that morning and kept it up until after noon the next day. Finally a Deputy Sheriff arrived from Socorro, and Baca surrendered to him. The next morning the Deputy started for Socorro with the prisoner, with a number of cowboys going along to see that he did not escape.

While the cowboys were trying to get Baca, every now and then he would take a shot at them but there was no one hit. No one was killed or wounded in this fight by being shot. One cowboy was killed when his horse fell with him, and Bert Hern was killed before the fight started.

One of the minor cowboy desperadoes of the early days in New Mexico was Dick Rogers. His career was short. A six-shooter in the hands of a Colfax County Sheriff marked finis to his career just about the time he was beginning to be well known.

Dick Rogers was an outlaw who sprang up over night. As nearly as I remember he got into trouble at a dance in Raton. This was in the fall of 1884. John Hixenbaugh had just been elected sheriff.

Rogers, after the trouble, left town but returned a few days later. He left his horse just outside Raton, and just after dark, Sheriff Hixenbaugh located the horse, and waited there to arrest Rogers.

When the Sheriff tried to arrest him, Rogers shot him in the leg and got away. Although he stayed in the county, the officers were never able to arrest him.

In the spring of 1885, this fellow Bill Todd, just a cow puncher, a friend of Rogers, came to Springer (then the county seat of Colfax), got on a spree, shot up the town, was arrested and put in jail. Rogers came to Springer and made talk that he was going to get Todd out of jail, take him by force if he had to. When he got word about Todd, he telegraphed Hixenbaugh that if he didn't release him, he'd come down and get him out of jail. Hixenbaugh was still laid up with his leg.

Duce Hixenbaugh, deputy sheriff under his brother John, got two more deputies Jessie Lee and, I believe the other man's name was Timberline. They armed themselves to be ready in case Rogers did attempt to release Todd by force, then statinned themselves in the courtroom windows upstairs.

When they saw Rogers with a friend coming to the courthouse, they called on him to stop. He made some kind of gun play, and they killed him. The friend lost no time getting back to town. The deputies dropped a shot or two behind him to hurry him along.

Red River Tom, hearing the shooting, jumped on a horse belonging to a man named Harmon and started for the courthouse as fast as he could ride. He had his Winchester with him. When he got to where Rogers lay dead, he got off the horse and they killed him.

The town was full of cowboys, friends of Rogers and Red River Tom, and they took up the fight and opened fire on the court house. The officers returned shot for shot. A brother of ex-governor George Curry, one of the cow-boys, was killed.

Ex-Governor George Curry was also one of the cowboys who took part in this fight. The cowboys held the officers prisoner in the Courthouse until the soldiers arrived from Fort Union the next day and released them. Although there may have been others killed in this fight, I cannot remember any others.

Rogers had a belt full of cartridges. One bullet hit and exploded a shell in his belt and set his clothing on fire. Some woman went out and put out the fire.

At the time of the fight Sheriff Hixenbaugh was at home in bed. He later had to have his leg amputated.

I was in Cimarron in the spring of 1899. I wasn't living there at the time but moved back there later. My brother and I were standing on the street. Two fellows came riding along, leading a pack horse and Frank said that they were two hard customers who had just come in Cimarron. They had been there a couple of days. They turned out to be Sam Ketchum and Will Carver. Ketchum had an assumed name which I don't remember and Carver was known as "Franks". They went out to Turkey Canyon and camped out there. That was in April.

Later in the summer, Will McGinnis came up from the southern part of the state with a train load of W. S. cattle. McGinnis went in to Cimarron and stayed at Lambert's Hotel during the summer. These two fellows, Ketchum and Carver would come to Lambert's and sometimes McGinnis would go out and stay overnight at their camp. They would have poker games and would flash $50 and $100 bills.

My brother was at the store and Lambert brought over a $100 bill to get it changed. He said that he had told them he didn't have that much money so they wouldn't think he had much money around.

In July, the train was robbed. They all left around that time.

Jim Hunt, my brother Frank, and I were in business together both at the store and in the cattle business. We were rounding up in August. We were camped by the road and heard someone coming by on horseback. Jim Hunt was sure this was one of the train robbers.

Five officers came down from Colorado. They got on their trail at Fulson and followed along to Johnson Mesa and crossed over the top of it. They came to an abandoned camp and found a sales bill from my brother's store. Frank had ordered a scabbard for Franks, and this was the bill they had found. It had been torn up but the officers pieced it back together.

Ed Farr was Sheriff at Huerfano County and he led the posse who went out after them. A Mexican freight had camped out five or six miles from Cimarron. About daylight some men passed by there and were recognized as Franks, Ketchum, and McGinnis.

We came into Cimarron and reported seeing them. It was raining and Billy Morgan went out and followed their trail until he was certain they were going to Turkey Canyon. Then, he came back. The posse, Ed Farr, Billy Morgan, Bernie Wilcox, Henry Love, Perfide Cordova, a boy from Chicago named Smith, who was visiting at McCormick's Ranch, and the five officers from Colorado started out to Turkey Canyon. It was along in the afternoon. They followed along until they saw smoke from the campfire ahead of them. Then Farr scattered his men. He, the Smith boy, and the Special Agent stayed where they were. Morgan, Love, and Cordova went around to the side opposite the campfire, across the canyon; the others went into the canyon and they were as safe as if they had been in Chicago. They hadn't much more than separated when McGinnis came into a park, or open space. There was a water hole in the park and McGinnis was walking to the water hole with a coffee pot in his hand. When Farr saw him, he shot him. They

thought they had killed him.

Ketchum ran up toward Farr and got close to him. Farr shot him in the right shoulder. He dropped down behind a log. He didn't fire a shot during the whole melee. Franks ran across the canyon where there was a side canyon with a bank. He got under this bank. There was a wide canyon there and he could see Farr from where he was. I don't think anyone got a shot even close to Franks. Franks first shot the Smith boy in the leg and then shot Farr in the wrist. With his next shot he killed Farr and his body fell across the Smith boy.

They fought on till dark. Cordova said that he noticed that McGinnis was getting closer to some brush there. He called it to the other fellow's attention but they wouldn't believe him. Finally, McGinnis was able to get into the brush and escape.

McGinnis must have been the one who shot Love. Love was taken to Chase's Ranch where he died. Special Agent Reno shot at the horses after he couldn't find anything else to shoot at, and killed one of them. Reno went to Cimarron when the fighting was over, although some of the people thought he left before it was over.

Franks got three of the horses and rode one out, leading the other two. He turned them out in Ute Park. Then he returned on foot to where McGinnis was. Morgan said they went back next day and followed the tracks. He was satisfied that two horses were being led. When they got McGinnis, he told them he had left his gun, a Winchester, in Dean Canyon, not far from Chase's Ranch, behind a tree. Chase sent over and got the gun and gave it to Dr. Kohlhausen, his son-in-law.

Ketchum went on foot to Ute Park and went to McBride's Ranch. Mrs. McBride was there alone except for the small children. She fixed a cot for Ketchum and he lay down on the cot and put a chair by the bed. He put his six shooter on the chair. Perl

Claus, who stayed at McBrides' had been out hunting. He came in with his gun. He told Ketchum he'd help him get out of the country, pretending to throw in with him. McBride came home too. They sent word to Cimarron. Jim Hunt stopped Special Agent Reno at Springer and he came back to Cimarron. He picked up a few men and they went back to pick up Ketchum.

Jack McBride, one of the boys, came home after dark. The next morning, just at daylight, after Special Agent Reno and the men got there, Perl Claus walked in where Ketchum was. Jack McBride followed him. Claus picked up Ketchum's gun and handed it to McBride saying, "Jack, look at this. This is a mighty fine gun." Just then, the Special Agent and his men walked in. They said Ketchum jumped out of bed. He was so angry he was shaking and cussed them like everything.

They brought him to Cimarron and drove up in front of Lambert's to put on a fresh team. Jim Hunt was talking to Ketchum. Hunt told Ketchum, "When they told me you had your boots off, I knew you'd have to be there because you couldn't get your boots back on."

He said, "I could have slit my boots and got them on."

Hunt said, "I always liked you better than I liked Carver. He wouldn't talk to anyone. The only thing I ever heard him say was that my horse was a fine horse."

Ketchum said, "I'm not a bad sort of fellow. I haven't done anything bad."

He pointed to Claus and said, "There's a meaner man than I. I'd have his hide hung on the fence if he hadn't worked it just right."

They talked of the horses they left. He said, "Those horses came from Pecos."

Jim said, "Yes, we were up there yesterday and had a Pecos man with us. He recognized the brand on the roan horse that the Agent killed."

Ketchum asked, "Who was the Pecos man?"

Jim said, "Joe Nash."

"Yes, I know him," Ketchum answered, "he hasn't much use for cowpunchers. He orders them around, 'You go this way and you go that.'"

They got ready to start with this fresh team. Logan came across from the saloon. He told Jim they weren't going to let them take this fellow away until they gave him a trial.

Jim said, "Come on, I'll fix it up for you," to the Special Agent.

Claus went to Lambert's. McBride and the Special Agent went with Jim Hunt. The Agent had his gun in hand and as he started to leave, he walked over and put it in the wagon. They left Ketchum in the wagon with the gun behind the seat on the floor. Ketchum looked around at the gun and then looked forward at the reins as though he didn't know which to grab first. I didn't give him a chance to make up his mind. I grabbed the gun.

Jim Hunt got half way across the street when he realized they had left the prisoner unguarded. He saw me with the gun.

He said, "That's right, George, you watch the prisoner."

Ketchum asked me if I was an officer. I told him I wasn't. He then asked if they'd got the other men. Jim Hunt had told him they had but I couldn't see any reason to lie to him. Ketchum leaned forward and I stepped back. Afterward, a fellow asked me why I didn't listen to him but I was afraid he was after the gun.

Later I figured out to my own satisfaction why he wanted to talk to me. My place was near where they were camped. I had seen small camp fires in the arroyas. Perhaps he had seen me around and when he found I wasn't an officer, he wanted me to take a message to his friends.

Tom and Sam Ketchum had been through a couple of years before and had stayed at a boarding house that was run by a Mexican fellow. A girl waited on tables there. McBride and Claus drove down the street and brought this girl out to see if she could identify Ketchum. She said that he was one of the men.

It started to rain. We all had slickers on except Ketchum. I had a slicker at home and went to get it for him. I was driving a heavy wagon an d they had a spring wagon. I never caught up with them. When they got to Springer, they ran on to Ira Gayle who managed the Red River Cattle Company. He recognized Ketchum as a fellow who had come through there a number of times. They went through there to go to Wyoming. He had no idea he was an outlaw.

When these hard characters came to town, Jim Hunt wrote to the Sheriff's in different parts of the country and described them, to see if there was anyone who knew them. There was a Sheriff in the southern part of the state who wrote and said that from the description he thought it was Sam Ketchum, but no one knew Franks. Ketchum was homely and had a face not easily forgotten.

When Jim asked him his name, he said, "Who do they think I am?"

Jim said, "They think you are Sam Ketchum."

He said, "That's my name."

They brought him to Santa Fe and put him in the penitentary. They kept him two or three days. One morning they found him by the side of his cot. He had died from the wound he received in his shoulder.

A short time after they held the train up the first time, Charles Collins, a gambler around Springer, went to Trinidad with a lot of money and deposited it at the bank. The silver had smoke on it so they arrested him and held him in jail in Raton.

That spring a shipment of cattle came up for the W. S. Cattle Company. Joe Chancellor came with the cattle. The W. S. Wagon camped at the stock yards that night and Joe Chancellor stayed with them. The next morning when they got up, a roll of bills as big as your fist rolled out of Chancellor's bed. One of the boys picked it up and said he saw a $50 bill. Chancellor went to work for the Baldwin Outfit. He worked there all summer and no one saw a roll of bills or any sign of it. He went to Raton and we always figured the money was sent there to turn over to some lawyer to defend Collins.

That fall he was with us on the round-up near Wagon Mound. About October, it snowed. All of us had overcoats except Joe Chancellor. I told him I would go into Wagon Mound with him and stand good for a coat. He wouldn't let me, but if he had any money he would surely have bought a coat. It has always been a mystery to me why he didn't toke me up as he borrowed money from other fellows and did not paythem back.

He and Tom Kane drove a bunch of cattle belonging to the Baldwin Outfit to La Junta. Chancellor told Kane he belonged to Black Jack Ketchum's outfit and he bragged about holding up the train. He told Tom Kane that if he would hold the cattle, he would go and hold up the train by himself.

I lived north of Turkey Canyon. We had about 30,000 acres of land that we leased from the Grant. After the fight, I would be riding through the hills and see that someone had a fire down in the arroyas. One day I saw a man up on the mountain, just one man. George Chandler lived up about eight miles from where I lived. I met him one day and he said he was pretty sure McGinnis had been to his house. He had talked to Chandler's wife. He told her he had worked in the saw mill and had hurt his back. He asked for a lunch.

Later a cowman was in buying cattle. He ran into Franks and McGinnis just above

George Chandler's place. A short time after that we heard that two men passed through Taos and from their descriptions we were pretty sure it was Franks and McGinnis.

They went down to Carlsbad. As they came up through there, they stole three or four horses and turned the ones they were riding loose. When they came back through, McGinnis and Franks inquired about the horses they had turned loose. The rancher thought they were horse-thiefs and notified the sheriff. The rancher told McGinnis and Franks to come back in the morning and he'd show them where their horses were. Then, the sheriff came and hid in the water tank to wait for them.

When Franks and McGinnis got there the rancher was to come to the door and stand there and that was to be the signal for the sheriff to act. There was a wagon standing there. McGinnis heard him and ran out and rolled under the wagon and got to his horse. By the time he got up, the sheriff was at his horse and got him. Franks was on the hill watching. The Sheriff waved for him to come down, but he took off.

They took McGinnis to jail. He had a dirty, greasy, shirt on. The Sheriff got him clean clothes but he wouldn't change. When they made him change, they found that he was wounded. Then they sent for Jim Hunt to come and identify him. He identified him as McGinnis but no one figured out who Franks was.

I went to Van Horn, Texas and ran on to Dave Caldwell. An older brother of Ketchum's had raised Dave and he told me who Franks was. Since then there has been lots of proof.

Franks was in Sonora, Texas and started to rob a bank. Somehow the bank had been tipped off and when he came in he was killed.

Jim Hunt asked McGinnis if he had any relatives so he could write to them. He said he had no one. He went to the penitentary for life but Otero pardoned him some years later.

Tom Ketchum had fallen out with the rest of the gang and he didn't know about the other fellows holding up the train. He went up and held it up alone.

The conductor was getting pretty tired of all of these robberies. It was always his train that was robbed. He got a gun and armed himself. When Tom, or Black Jack as he was called, held up the train, the mail clerk opened the door of the Express Car. Ketchum shot and hit the door. The bullet glanced and hit the clerk very near the juglar vein leaving him a bad scar. He was losing so much blood the conductor had him lay on the floor. The conductor shot and hit Ketchum in the arm.

Ketchum had a horse hidden. The next morning some section men were working on the track. Ketchum came over and was going to surrender so he could get his wound treated. The section gang were afraid of him and got on their car and took off. Sheriff Saturnino Pinard of Union County came and took Ketchum to Trinidad and Jim Hunt went up to identify him. Jim Hunt was the storekeeper and therefore, usually was called to identify any strangers.

I was on the jury that indicted Black Jack. It was the U. S. Grand Jury at Las Vegas. They brought him in the Courtroom and asked him how he pleaded. He stood up and hesitated, then said, "I guess I plead guilty", and started up to the judge to ask him something. Mills was the judge. He stopped him right where he was.

Ketchum had no lawyer. Mills appointed Billy Bunker as his lawyer. There were two deputy sheriff's with Ketchum. Bunker motioned for him to come in the anti-room so he could talk to him. He went in, Ketchum followed and shut the door after him. Neither of the deputies went in. Bunker opened the door and yelled for one of the deputies to come in. He said in town, that night, that he wasn't going ro stay alone with Ketchum.

The jury deliberated only a few minutes before bringing in a verdict of "Guilty".

He was taken back to Santa Fe to await his hanging which took place in 1901. He was a large man and the weight of his body carried him down with such force that his head was completely severed from his body.

When they took Tom to the train to take him to Santa Fe, they took him in a spring wagon and they stopped near the track. The train was late and they had to wait. A big crowd gathered there. I was standing back and couldn't hear what he was saying. He had his shirt up around his face and he told the crowd he would take it off if they'd make up a purse of twenty-five dollars. I couldn't hear what he was saying but the people laughed a lot. He got on the train with his shirt still wrapped around his head.

After he was in the Santa Fe prison following his capture, his arm began to give him so much trouble it was necessary to have it amputated.

Here's another incident I remember about the Ketchum's. Two fellows came down to Bell Ranch to work. They were going under assumed names. They worked at Bell Ranch for awhile. The night they quit, a store was robbed. The storekeeper got a bunch of men together and followed them. They caught them about noon. They had made a fire and were cooking their dinner. The storekeeper saw them and ran toward them saying, "There they are."

The men killed him right there. They were pretty sure these two men were Tom and Sam Ketchum.

Although these men I have mentioned were the best known of the bad men, there were some others who did their share of killing.

There were two Mexican brothers, Gabriel and Vincent Gonzales who thought they were kind of bad. Albert Harmon was gambling with them in the Barroom of the Hotel. The Hotel was run by Albert's brother, Dolph Harmon.

While they were gambling, the Mexicans jumped on Albert. John Sutherland came

in and told Dolph to go in and make them lay off Albert. Dolph handed John a six shooter and told him to go after them. John started to go, them turned and told Dolph it was his Hotel to go in himself. Dolph walked to the door and one of the Gonzales boys shot him. He died a day or so later.

Sometime later, Albert brought a load of hay to town. He left the hayrack and team near some trees about a block from the Olono Saloon. The Gonzales brothers and a kid named Tom Salazar saw the team and waited around for Albert. They finally were tired of waiting for him and started down toward the Saloon. About half way down they met him.

There was a struggle and Tom Salazar was killed. One of the Gonzales boys was shot through the shoulder and Albert was shot in the jaw. Part of his tongue was shot off and they had to wire his jaw up. In the melee, Albert ended up with two six shooters. He threw his over the fence and when he was arrested, he had the other fellows gun.

At the trial, the prosecuting attorney was cross-examining him. Every once in awhile, the attorney would say, "Now that wasn't the way it happened!"

Finally, Harmon said, "Mr. Leahy, were you there?"

Jerry Leahy said, "No."

Harmon said, "Well I was."

It was funny to the spectators as Harmon was there with his face shot away and certainly proved he had been there. The courtroom broke out in laughter.

Harmon was proved innocent.

Along in 1873, a man named Karney was found murdered in his cabin on the Vermijo. The slayer had robbed him of $12,000 in checks and money. Tony Meloche, a close friend and a neighbor of Karney's organized a posse. They had only the description of a stranger who had been seen at the Karney place that morning to go on. But, the posse split into

four groups and set out to pick up the trail.

Hugh Helling, one of Karney's cowhands and Fred Davis, a cattleman rode into the Red River Country and struck what they thought was the trail of a lone horseman. They followed the trail for several miles and about where the trail crossed the stage road west of Crow Creek Station, they encountered a riderless horse. Riding up to the station, they met a man named John Cauley, who answered the description of the mysterious stranger. He was taken back to the Meloche Ranch and turned over to the sheriff.

Cauley, so the story goes, confessed that he killed Karney and told where he had hidden the money and checks near Crow Creek Station. A short time later, it was found.

They took him into Cimarron and lynched him that night. He was still hanging there the next morning.

I have heard old timers tell about two human heads that were brought in to Cimarron in the early days. As I remember the story, there were three outlaws, the leader of whom was known as Coal Oil Jimmy. They would hold up the stage and rob travellers. A reward was offered for them dead or alive. One night when they were camped in the Turkey Mountains west of Wagon Mound, one of the outlaws killed his leader, Coal Oil Jimmy, and the other out-law while they were asleep.

He then cut off their heads, put them in a gunny sack and carried them to Cimarron to prove he had killed them and to claim the reward.

Once a man named Kennedy lived in Marino Valley. He was married to an Indian Squaw. Often times when men would be travelling through, they would stop at his cabin to stay all night. They would never be seen again. He would rob and kill them and bury them near his cabin. Finally his Squaw reported him and he was arrested. They put him in a log cabin in Elizabethtown after his arrest but he escaped through the chimney. They caught

him again and hung him at Elizabethtown. Although it has been told that his head was cut off and brought into Cimarron, I don't believe it. The people who lived in Cimarron were not savages.

Although there were many killings in those days and living was not easy, still riding range had its compensations.

I had only one experience where I felt I came close to getting killed. I had my boy Johnny with me, and a Mexican fellow, taking a herd of cattle to Cimarron. I missed a cow whose calf had been left behind, and went back to look for her. I didn't have much chuck with me. While we were looking for the calf the fellow at camp cooked up all the chuck for some Mexicans who stopped by. While he was feeding them, the cattle strayed.

When we came back, we saw the cattle straying. I yelled for him to come help us round up the cattle. He came out with a small six shooter and said, "Did you say you were going to fire me?"

I told him to put away his gun and help with the cattle. He cooled off and helped with the cattle and then stayed all night. In the morning I did fire him.

He went to his home in Wagon Mound and killed his wife and mother-in-law. I realized then that he must have been insane and I might easily have been killed.

In those days they tried all the criminal cases in Taos. Henry Kingman and a fellow named Holland started to take a Mexican over to Taos. As they were going along, they came to the creek and they found a foot log barring their way. Both Henry and Holland got out to move the log and handed the reins to the prisoner. When they moved the log the prisoner drove on across the creek and just kept going, not even stopping for Henry and Holland. He turned and crossed the creek again but was going so fast they couldn't stop him. So, Henry and Holland were left on foot. They walked to Witts Saw Mill and got a ride back. The

Mexican had shackles on when he got away.

Henry got back to Cimarron as soon as he could. The team and buck board were at the Mexican village out of Wagon Mound. When Henry got there some women were getting ready to go for a ride in his buck board. He and Holland were unable to find their prisoner but he was later caught and tried in Texas.

At one time there were a bunch of politicians banded together and known as the Santa Fe ring. They were supposed to have caused trouble in Cimarron and caused trouble in the Lincoln County War.

A man named Tom Catron was head man of the ring. He was one of the best criminal lawyers we ever had. One time Catron was attending court in Cimarron. When he left to go home to Santa Fe, he put his trunk on the boot of the stage. When the stage arrived at the first station about ten miles out of Cimarron where they changed horses, the trunk was missing. Catron offered $100 reward but did not get the trunk back. Whoever got that trunk was not interested in money!

Axtell was Governor at the time. He seemed to do whatever the ring told him to do. President Hayes removed him from office. Later, he was sent back and made the best Chief Justice of the Northern District.

Henry Kingman, Deputy Sheriff, said that after he was Chief Justice, he seemed to hate Catron. Catron had always bull-dozed the court but Axtell made him keep his place.

The night we got word that Axtell was removed from office, the citizens of Cimarron shot off anvils all night long. Shooting anvils meant that they took these huge anvils from the blacksmith shop and put two of them together, one on top of the other. They filled the center with powder and set it off with a hot iron. They made a terrific noise.

When Axtell left the country after being removed from office, he by-passed Cimarron. He went back East and then returned at the time he became Chief Justice.

There was always hard feelings between cattlemen and sheepherders. Cattle would not feed in a pasture where sheep had been. So, cattlemen would not let the sheepherders come to their pastures. But, they would come and camp until they were run out.

Ira Gayle was working for the Red River Cattle Company and he thought he was a bad one. He got word there were some sheep in the south end of the pasture. Gayle and his Uncle hitched up a spring wagon and rode up pretty close to the camp. They left the wagon and walked up on foot. Just then two boys went down to the river to get a small barrel of water. They got the water and were carrying it back between them. They had a stick through the handles of the barrel. The boys were probably 12 and 16 years old. Gayle shot the boys and left their bodies right where they fell.

He was indicted by the Grand Jury. H. M. Porter was head of the outfit. He sent Gayle to another ranch in another section of the county to work. Later Gayle ran on to another kid herding sheep but this time the kid wounded Gayle in the hand.

After Ira Gayle left, Abe Sever was in charge. During this time, one of the riders horse was shot from under him. It was John Southern's horse that was killed.

Another fellow, Narcissa Luna, had a bullet in the saddle and claimed that he was shot at. Several thought he was afraid to stay by himself and might have done it himself. By the time I took charge of the outfit, it was getting rather dangerous.

While Ira Gayle was running the Red River Company, he went off and let J. Watenbee in charge. Bill Alley was working there and was a bit envious of Watenbee. He had been with the outfit longer than Watenbee but was much younger. When Gayle left J. in charge, it made Bill angry.

Tom South was staying there but was not working with the outfit. Bill "egged" Tom into not paying attention to anything J. told him. Bill put the horses in the corral and J. went

down and turned them out. Tom told Bill not to let him get away with it. J. was sitting by the window in the house. Bill came up and shot him in the arm. J. returned the fire, shooting him. Bill walked through the kitchen and went outside and lay down and died.

Not all the men who lived in those days were bad men. Most were cattlemen and led normal lives.

In the early days cow men worked together. You looked after your neighbors cattle same as you did your own. In the year 1882, Ike Pryor drove a herd of cattle by way of Springer, New Mexico taking them to Pueblo, Colorado. As he went through our range there must have been one of our young heifers in his herd and they took her along. I knew nothing about this until three years later, when I met Ed Brown, a New Mexico cowboy who had been working with a round up near the Colorado line. Ed told me a cowboy had turned over one of our cows to him and how she had been started back from Pryor pasture near Pueblo.

Cowboys working with the round up on the Pryor range brought our cow south to where Brown was working. She was turned loose on their range until they rounded up again. Then she was picked up again and sent further south. This kept up until she was turned over to me at the Wagon Mound Range where we were then living. That was three hundred miles from Pueblo. We got our cow back without it costing us a cent.

Now days if your cow gets in your neighbor's pasture, it's a sure thing you won't get her back unless you go after her. Then, if you are slow about going after her you will find she has been turned out.

A Sandoval cowman told me not so long ago he was driving through his neighbor's pasture and saw one of his steers. He saw the neighbor and told him he would be down and get it. The next day he went and found the steer and met a boy that worked for the

neighbor. The boy told the man he wouldn't be able to drive that steer because he and his boss had tried to drive it out on the south side the night before. By driving him out on the south side, he was driving it away from home.

Also, in the early days, if we found a stray calf with a cow, we would brand the calf with the same brand the cow had whether we knew the owner or not.

The settlers stuck together when anyone was in distress. O. P. McMains, a preacher, was a squatter on the Maxwell Grant, just as all the settlers on the Grant were. His place was east of Raton. The Grant Company undertook to dispossess him. The day set to put McMaines off his place, several hundred settlers living on the Grant met the Sheriff there. They took the law in their hands and stopped the Sheriff from putting McMains off his place. Quite a number of these settlers were from the Merano Valley and around Elizabethtown. Forty or more passed through Cimarron on their way to the McMaines ranch. On the way back, about half of them stayed over night at Cimarron. After supper some stayed at Lambert's Barroom, others went to Morgan & Stepp Saloon. After they got a few drinks of Morgan & Stepp's fighting whiskey they got to making threats against the Grant Company. They said if anyone else was molested on the Grant they would kill everyone connected with the Grant.

Finally, they decided to draw up a resolution to that effect and after they had it drawn up and all there had signed it, they went over to Lambert's looking for the rest of the gang.

I was in Lambert's when they came in. They looked on Joe Lowrey as a leader. A man by the name of Lancaster was leading the bunch from Morgan & Stepp's Saloon. They told everyone how they were going to have the Cimarron paper publish this resolution the next day. Someone suggested they read it for the benefit of those that had been at Lambert's

They couldn't find Lowrey, so they sent someone to look for him.

Someone said, "Give it to that young fellow and let him read it. Here, get up on this chair."

The young fellow happened to be T. A. Shomberg, a Grant man, just over from Holland a short time before. Shomberg got up on the chair and started to read in a loud clear voice but as he got to where it said if anyone else on the Grant was molested they would hang everyone connected with the Grant, his voice got weaker and weaker and he had to quit.

Joe Lowrey finally got there and when he refused to sign it, they quieted down. They left town the next morning. T. A. Shomberg became manager of the Grant at a later date.

People think strikes are new. I remember a strike which took place in 1889. One morning while on the fall round up, George Gillespie's cowboys refused to catch their horses. They claimed they were not getting enough to eat. George knew they were getting low on grub but they were getting closer to Springer every day and he had put off sending into Springer for more chuck. But, when the cowboys refused to work any longer, he had the cook make out a list of what they needed, unloaded the chuck wagon, hitched up the four horses and gave Billie Homes the list the cook had made out, with an order on Porter and Clouthier Mercantile Company at Springer to let Homes have anything he wanted and charge it to the Palo Blanco Cattle Company. He sent a man to help Homes and expected them back that evening. They didn't get back until the next evening, both drunk, and all they had on the wagon was a keg of syrup.

Homes didn't work for the Palo Blanco Cattle Company, but had cattle of his own and worked with them. Homes often said a cowboy was made happy twice a year. They were happy to start out in the spring and just as happy to stop in the fall.

It would be, at times, late in November before we were through and it would be getting cold, especially to stand guard at night. We always guarded the cattle we were gathering at night.

Young boys often were better cowmen than older men. One summer we were working the Red River Pasture. There were two wagons, the Red River Wagon and the Baldwin wagon. I was boss of the Red River outfit and Lee Raulding ran the Baldwin outfit. I had Tom Talley working for me. All old cowmen will remember Tom. He was about fourteen years old at the time. Anytime my horses roamed, I would send Tom out to look for them. He always had good luck.

The Baldwin outfit lost seven head. They sent a man out every day to look for them. One evening as Lee Raulding and I rode into camp, he said, "There's that man of mine back, and he hasn't found the horses."

I said, "I've got a kid in my outfit that could find them."

He had sent men to look for them for four days and they couldn't find them so Lee said he wished I'd send this kid of mine out.

The next morning I asked Tom if he thought he could find them. He said that he'd try. When the Baldwin men went out, they were afraid they'd miss a meal and would be back by noon or a little after. I told Tom not to come back until evening unless he found the horses.

"If I don't find them, I won't come back until after dark. I'll be ashamed to," he said.

About four in the afternoon, Tom came in with the horses.

When I first went to Red River, I was just married. Usually the cow punchers were single and lived alone. We were sent to a house that was supposed to be haunted. It was

a very lonesome place. The fellows who had lived there before claimed they could hear someone playing the fiddle.

While we lived there we didn't see any ghosts, but we did find a hive of bees between the walls. We often wondered if they heard the bees in the wall and thought it was music.

In the early days we raised mostly short horns, and it doesn't take much to get a short horn on the fight. One day we were branding a bunch of yearling bulls in a corral and everytime we branded one he would be on the fight when he got up and we would have to run and climb the fence. We didn't de-horn in those days.

Jack Clark, the cook, got in the corral and was helping us. There was a post set in the middle of the corral, called a snubbing post. We branded a bull and let him up. Instead of Jack running to the corral fence, he ran to the post. The bull saw him, ran up, and sniffed at him. He left the post and started running. The bull took after him. Jack's knees gave way and he fell but got to his hands and knees and made it to the fence, the bull still after him. He got to his feet and managed to roll over the fence onto the ground. He looked up at me sitting on the fence laughing.

He said, "You damn fool, you would have laughed if I had been killed."

Actually I had never felt that he was in any danger.

There was another time though that I did not laugh. We only had a few calves to brand that morning and a four year old short horn bull, so we used the cook's fire to heat the branding irons. We branded the calves. Then, one fellow roped the bull by the head and another fellow roped him by the heels and stretched him out. Ed Watkins rode to the fire and got a hot iron and returned as fast as he could ride as you had to have the iron hot to brand. We would drag the calves to the fire but we had to brand the bull where we

roped him. Ed had just started to brand him when the rope around his head broke. The fellow holding the heels got scared. He could have held the bull down for awhile, at least long enough for Ed to have gotten to the wagon. But, he lost his head.

Ed started running to the wagon. The bull got up and took after him. He overtook him about half way to the wagon. Luckily for Ed, his knees gave away and he fell. When a man is running and gets really scared, his knees give away. I know, for it has happened to me more than once. The bull jumped over Ed and ran on to the wagon.

He kept the cook, as well as the others who did not have their horses, on the wagon. He had us puzzled for awhile to know how we were going to get our dinner. Someone finally saw a bunch of cattle in the distance. We figured we could drive the bull away with them if we got them up close. We got them and the plan worked. If Ed hadn't fallen when he did, I feel sure the bull would have killed. him.

John Granger, an old time cowman, told a story about a tenderfoot who came to work for them.

The cowboys decided one of them would run amuck and all of them would run out of the camp as though they were really afraid. They made their plans together and the negro cook was in on the plan. They thought he thoroughly understood the joke.

When the fellow pulled the trick, everyone ran and the tenderfoot ran right with them, but, when they stopped, he stopped and returned to camp right with them. Not so the negro cook. As they were returning to camp they met the cook running out of camp. He just kept on running and didn't come back for several days. The jokesters had to do their own cooking.

On the lighter side of life, horse racing was one of the favorite past-times. Once I had a horse that ran pretty good. Four fellows, Jim Hunt, Sy Dawson, Marian Littrell and some one visiting at Dawson's ranch went to Trinidad and bought a race horse.

Marian Littrell ran the Maxwell Cattle Company at the time. They cut the Long H brand on the horse. Then, they sent word to me that they had a cow horse they wanted to match against my horse. One of the boys who worked for the Long H Outfit told me what they had done. Anyhow, I looked it over and made the race. We matched for $100. We ran the race at Springer. There was a big crowd there. Billy Kremis bet $25 on my horse because he couldn't get a bet on the other horse. There was $1000 to be bet on the other horse but no one to take the bets.

The race was run and my horse won, so the joke was on the other fellows with their race horse. Sy Dawson even wrote a poem about it:

THAT RACE

Whenever I hear a man boasting of what he sure can do,
And I know that he never had nor never will have a "sou"
It makes me think of a horse race we had one day at Springer,
When we ran Keno with the Crocker horse and thought we had a ringer.
The Vermijo boys were ready at any time to run
A horse race of any kind just to have a little fun;
And the Springer folks were well aware that the Crocker horse was not fake
And that they would run him with most anything, was surely no mistake,
So, we went and bought Keno and for him paid the cash;
We had seen him run with "Crackerjacks" and we knew he was no trash.
They tackled us for a horse race and of course we made it stick,
For we were sure when they had run with Keno they would all look sick,
But we knew when we matched the race, if you will allow me to say
That their horse at that distance was anything but a jay.
We measured off the race course with very solemn air,

And in selecting judges and starters we took the greatest care;
We had a splendid jockey and a lovely start could make,
But he said he would be honest and the advantage wouldn't take.
They got an even start and the whalebone had to smoke,
But Keno wasn't in it so, We, Us & Co. went broke.

S. M. Dawson

I had a horse named Uno once that I trained to race. One time we were having a race and I started to walk to the finish line so as to be there when the race was over. They started the horses and Uno was easily in the lead until she saw me. She left the race and came running over to me.

We always had several horses but my children's favorite was named Nigger Babe. She was so gentle the children would lay beneath her as she stood in the corral and sleep in the shade.

In 1892, I was in Wagon Mound in a "pool outfit". I hired a man by the name of Charlie Byers. He had been working for Francis Clutton in Cimarron. He wanted his job back there but if he couldn't get it, he would stay with me. He worked for me awhile, then went to Cimarron to see about his job.

He came back to tell me he had gotten his job back. He had met a kid in Springer who wanted his job with me. So, I told him to send the boy back as he went through Springer on his way to Cimarron. This kid was R. C. Dillon who later became Governor of New Mexico.

We were camped about twelve miles from Wagon Mound so he had to walk out to the outfit. I turned over about eight head of horses, that Charley had been riding, to him. I pointed out one horse we called Billy D'Ablo and told him not to let him rest too long or he'd be hard to manage. I told him to ride this horse first.

About twelve of us started out and we stopped to scatter out the men. I sent out six men and the kid looked up at me and I told him he could go with them. The others had started ahead so he started up suddenly and Billy D'Ablo bucked him off. There was a pool of water and he landed right in it.

Not long ago I met Dillon and he reminded me of this episode. He said I told him, "You didn't need to start that way."

There has been much controversy about the writer of "Home on the Range." A Kansas man composed the song but didn't call it "Home On The Range."

Jim Leary, a cow puncher, took the words and changed them from "ON THE BANKS OF THE BEAVER" to "ON THE BANKS OF RED RIVER." So, many people have given Leary credit for composing the song. I heard Jim sing this song around the campfire in 1883.

Some of the storms encountered by the cowboys were terrific while they were out on the range.

Henry Miller and his whole outfit were holding some cattle high in the Sierra Grande. They were taking the cattle to Folsom to ship them. A snow storm came up and it was so bad they knew they would have to save themselves. They let the cattle go and set out in search of a ranch. Getting nowhere they finally stopped and turned their horses loose. They tried to make a shelter out of their saddle blankets.

Charley Weir, a member of the party, kept throwing snow off the saddle blankets with his hands. After awhile Weir, said if they stayed there they would all die, and he started out on foot with one other man. They ran onto a sheepherder and started for his camp, but in spite of Charley's and the herder's assistance this other man played out. He died where they left him.

Meantime Henry Miller and the four or five men remaining with him stayed where they had stopped and died in a bunch. I talked to Will Temple, a well known cowman of those parts, and he showed me the spot where they died. Will had helped to dig the bodies out of the snow. It was just on the north side of the Palo Blanco peaks.

Charley Weir had to have his fingers amputated from throwing the snow off the saddle blankets.

I was at Wagon Mound when the storm came up. Another fellow was with me and I didn't have any horse feed at the camp for the horses. So, we started from my camp to go to his place. We hitched his team up and it was only six miles to his place. The snow was already knee deep to the horses. We saw a house up ahead and kept travelling toward it. We were very surprised to get up to it and find it was my place, the place we had just left. We stayed overnight and started out again next day, this time on horseback. I kept telling him we should go further north. He wouldn't pay any attention to me. Finally we came to a bunch of trees that I recognized. There was an arroya right near them which we could follow right to his place.

We stayed at his place about a week, then started to Wagon Mound. We stopped at my place and stayed over night. The next morning we started out again but the wind came up and the snow started blowing so we went to an abandoned house. We stayed there until sun-down. When the sun went down, we started out again but our wagon got stuck in a snowdrift. We left the wagon and went into Wagon Mound on horseback and got there after dark. When we got to Wagon Mound we heard about the fellows who had been frozen.

Although the lawlessness may have passed with the turn of the century, that didn't stop crime.

They payroll to the Dawson mines was held up at French, New Mexico on May 14, 1903.

The payroll was $70,000 a month, but this time there was only $40,000 sent, the rest to be sent at a later date. So, the robbers only got about half of what they expected.

Archie Hilton was the Wells Fargo guard. He boarded the train at Albuquerque with the payroll.

Bud Farmer, the Marshal at Dawson, would come down on the Dawson train to meet the payroll and guard it back to Dawson. The train leaving Dawson would get to French around 9:00 A.M. while the train going to Dawson would not get to French until sometime in the afternoon. At times, Farmer, instead of waiting at French, would stay on the Dawson train going to Tucumcari until it met the Dawson bound train at Roy, get his dinner at Roy and then return. This was one of the times he went on to Roy.

Henry Farr, a saloon man at Springer, got on the Santa Fe Train No. 4, at Springer, which was the train carrying the payroll to Dawson.

Mrs. Smith, the wife of the agent at French, was on the same train. Mrs. Smith told Farr that the train carried the payroll but there was only half of the usual payroll. The money and passengers changed trains at French. As the money was carried into the Express Office at French, two men who were hidden under the porch, came out with guns and a sledge hammer and ordered everyone in the office to hold up their hands. They handed the sledge hammer to Henry Farr and told him to break the strong box open. He did. Just at that time a man rode up leading two horses with saddles on and the three left, going north.

Smith, the agent, had a pistol and was running around the office with it. He went out to try to stop No. 9, but instead of using a flag, he held the pistol in his hand. When No. 9 got into Wagon Mound, the first stop, they reported someone at French tried to hold them up.

A short time before the robbery, Fred Arellano, riding the pasture, saw a man just over the hill from the Depot holding two saddle horses. He had ridden north and turned back and would have met the robbers leaving the Depot but they had waved him to go around. He

recognized a horse that one of them was riding as Henry Farr's horse.

A posse was formed that evening and went to Fred Arellano's camp and got there about midnight. They didn't wait for Fred to open the door, but broke the door down. He thought it was the hold-up men again and he said he would have killed them if he had had a gun. I believe he would have, too, as he was terribly quick tempered.

Nigger Bob had been staying with Henry Farr before the hold-up, taking care of Henry's horse, the same one Fred Arellano recognized that the robber was riding. While he went by the name of Nigger Bob, it was said that there was no negro blood in his family, but was just dark skinned. Nigger Bob left the country after he was cleared. He was gone a year or more, then returned and went before the Grand Jury and tried to have two Drew boys and their uncle, Ed Cavanaugh, indicted for the French robbery. He told how Ed Cavanaugh and one of the Drew boys had hidden under the porch of the Express Office and he told how the money had been divided near the Palo Blanca Hill that evening. He said it was divided six ways. One of the Drew boys had acted as Scout. He was asked if Henry Farr was in on it. He said, "Not to my knowledge." He told how he had turned most of his money over to Mrs. Drew to keep for him. When he returned, she refused to give it to him. Mrs. Drew was the mother of the Drew boys and the sister of Ed Cavanaugh. It could not be proved that Cavanaugh and the Drew boys had ever left the state and it was too late to get an indictment.

Henry Farr told me that one of the Drew boys had died. Had he been living, Farr felt sure he would have seen that Nigger Bob got his money back.

I was in Wagon Mound at the time. In a short time, Henry Farr and Nigger Bob were arrested. Henry was arrested at Springer and Nigger Bob at Wichita, Kansas. They were tried but came clear. Henry Stone, a brother of Bud Farmer was arrested. He and Bud

were raised by different families. Mrs. Smith identified him as one of the robbers. She claimed she knew him by the shape of the back of his neck. He was cleared. One of his neighbors saw him and talked to him about the time of the hold-up, about fifty miles away from French at the Stone Ranch. So, that let him out.

Henry Farr had the name of being very high tempered. No one could get along with him for very long. I stayed in a cow camp all winter with him. We got along fine. I would get up first of a morning and get the fire started. Then Henry would get up and help get breakfast. But, one morning Henry jumped out of bed and went to cussing. I thought, "My God, what has gone wrong now?"

Finally I heard him say, "I'll be damned if I'll go to Las Vegas."

Henry had some of John Howe's cattle on shares. John Howe had been there the day before and had talked Henry into going to Las Vegas, about 100 miles distant, to buy enough salt cake for both of them. Henry had a good team. I imagine after he went to bed that night he thought about it and decided John was working him and I suppose the longer he thought about it, the madder he got and by day light he was good and mad. Maybe you think I wasn't relieved when I found out he was not mad at me after all.

Henry seemed to like to talk about the French hold-up and put in a good part of the time telling me about it although he never said he had anything to do with it. Henry said they thought by it being the Wells Fargo Express Company that the public wouldn't care much about it. I took it from what he said the Wells Fargo held the people up with their high prices and it would be alright to rob them.

We were not together often in the daytime. I would think of things during the day and ask him about it at night. I asked him why they had let the agent, Smith, run around with a pistol. He said the robbers weren't afraid of Smith hurting anyone. Henry told me enough that I felt he thought Smith was in on it but that Mrs. Smith knew nothing about it. I

asked him when the robbers got under the porch. He said before day light, and that they had a lunch with them. Henry told that when he and Nigger Bob were being tried for the French hold-up, he had Roy Littrell in the court room and that Roy knew most of the jurymen. When a man was called up to be questioned, if Roy thought he would be for their side, he would signal their lawyer and he would pass him right now without a question.

The robbery was never solved.

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Not long ago I heard from Miss Edith Tinson, an elderly spinster, who lives in Hornsey, England, but who came to Cimarron as a child in 1871. She will be 90 on her next birthday. Here is her story:

When we came to Cimarron, to join my father who was Secretary to the Maxwell Land Grant which was under English control, it took a long time. We were on the ship three weeks getting to New York, then five days and nights on the train to Kit Carson, Colorado, which was then the railway end. The next nine days of the journey, we did in three wagons; one for our luggage, one for my two brothers, and one for my Mother, my sisters and I.

We went southward over the Raton Mountains and down to Cimarron. The drivers of the wagons were very good. Of course, we had to stop as soon as it was dark, but the drivers sat up all night with a revolver in their hands and another by their side in case some Redskin was not out of the habit of using a scalping knife.

We camped out at night. A clergyman aboard the stage told us it never rained on the prairie except when the Almighty had too much in the store and did not know where else to put it. It started to rain almost immediately and rained on for three days. While crossing the Raton Mountains we spent a night among the clouds, as it started to rain again

and the roads were so bad the drivers would not push on.

At the close of the ninth day, we arrived in Cimarron where my father was waiting for us, and was very glad to see us all safe and sound.

The house we lived in was called, 'Java House'. My father named it after the ship we went out by.

I remember when Mr. Wiseman, the butcher, gave an Indian a beating. In fact, he had stomped the Indian's face with his shoe which had tacks in it and scarred the Indian's face. The Apache's came to town to have their 'pound of flesh'. But, it was settled by a gift to the injured man, of a pony, three sheep, five sacks of flour, one bag of rice, some buffalo robes, and twenty-five dollars.

One of my fondest dreams has always been to return to Cimarron."

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Although living conditions were much different then, life was good. I look back daily upon the many happy memories I have.

I spent most of my life on ranches in the Eastern part of New Mexico. Most recently having lived on a ranch in Sandoval. However, in 1950, when I was 85, my family wanted me to move closer to them. I moved to Albuquerque where I now manage some apartments, and can frequently visit my daughters, Mrs. Elizabeth Bruskas, and Mrs. Jo Case, and my son, Fred Crocker.

Some facts about George Crocker:

He usually wore a blue denim work shirt and dark trousers. His dress suit was dark blue and he preferred dark shirts even for dress. He said he wasn't comfortable in a white shirt. He never wore a tie. He always wore a hat...an off-white stetson which he wore pinched at the top instead of creased.

He was about 6'1", between 190 and 200 pounds, was straight even when in his eighties. Had a weatherbeaten face, very large hands, hard as rocks, freckled and tanned by age, and wore a white walrus mustache.

He neither smoked nor chewed. He didn't drink except for a toothache (but once said he had never had a toothache)

He liked to read, kept a notebook of clippings, enjoyed records and liked Western songs and ballads. He worked in the yard a lot. He enjoyed TV, especially Westerns. He was interested in politics. He was one of the first at the polls on election day. (When we first moved to Albuquerque he looked up our precinct and reminded us to go and register.) He said the trouble with politicians was that they spent their time blaming someone for what had already happened instead of spending their time correcting what was wrong.

He claimed the reason he didn't wear a tie was that he never could tie one.

His favorite hobby was writing to people, especially about the old days.

He liked checkers, pitch and any card game. He loved to read mystery stories.

He always wanted oatmeal for breakfast, and often ate as many as a dozen eggs. However, after he moved off the ranch he cut it to six because he said he was afraid he might get tired of them.

He loved steak very rare, stuffed green peppers, and ice cream. They made ice cream on the ranch whenever it hailed.

One of his habits was to slap his leg...either when disturbed or pleased. He talked with his hands a good deal. He also rubbed the top of his head. He often prefaced a sentence with a long drawn out "S-a-a-a-y"...

He wasn't the type of person who would grow old. He never allowed anyone to call him Grandpa. One of his granddaughters introduced him to some of her friends as her Grandfather and he said he was not her Grandfather. She asked what he was and he said he was her father's father. His children and grandchildren all called him "Poppa".

When he was manager of an outfit he always insisted that the cowboys remove their hats when they came to the table which usually wasn't done in those days. One day the owner of the ranch came over and sat down at the table with his hat on. Uncle George told him he was sorry but he'd have to ask him to remove his hat.

At his funeral, a man sang, "HOME ON THE RANGE". It seemed very appropo at the funeral of an old cowboy and rancher and I don't think anyone was dry-eyed.

In a trade, George Crocker got a Hotel which he managed for awhile. Once when he was at the desk, a travelling man came in. After he had gone through the formality of registering, he looked at George and George looked back at him. Finally, the salesman said, "Well, aren't you going to carry my bags to my room?"

George looked him over and said, "Why should I? You're as able bodied as I."

He didn't stay in the Hotel business long.

One time the boys took a load of cattle to Kansas City. After making the sale, they got into a poker game. George Crocker was wiped out. The men knew he was broke and was too shy to ask to borrow any money, so they told him to come on to the restaurant with them and they would buy his lunch. He went along with them.

After they finished eating, the boys said, "Now George, when we go up to the Cashier, we'll tell her that we are paying for your lunch. When we talk to her, you hold up your hand so she'll know which one you are."

They all started up to the Cashier and George was at the end of the line. He saw the fellows talking to the Cashier so when she looked back, he raised his hand. When it was his turn to hand over his ticket, he found the boys had not said they would pay for his ticket but rather that the man who raised his hand would pay for all their tickets. As soon as they handed her their tickets they ducked out, and George was there all alone. He had quite a time talking the manager into letting him go with the promise that he would send the money as soon as he reached home.

The Fourth of July was George's favorite day. The whole family dressed in Sunday best and attended the picnic or get together. One Fourth, they were riding to the picnic and in the road was a large mud puddle. George said to his wife, "Mary, I should toss you out, right on you head in that mud puddle."

Just then the wagon wheel hit a rock in the road and Mary pitched out on her head in the mud puddle. Imagine the explaining you would have to do to make an irate woman believe you were only kidding and hadn't hit that rock on purpose.

Once a week a trip was made to town for groceries and supplies. For two weeks George had made the trip and forgotten to bring home potatoes. This was too much for Mary.

The next week George went to town. Everyone he saw seemed to be grinning when they saw him. He went to the General store and everyone was snickering behind his back.

Finally someone took the note which had been pinned to the back of his coat and handed it to him. It said, "Head this fool off and send him home with some potatoes."

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